

No. 68

IN THIS ISSUE...
"SUPERMAN MEETS SUSIE!"



JAN.
1944

ACTION COMICS

10c



SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER



AS AN AUTHOR, SUSIE WOULD PROBABLY RATE AS A GENIUS--BUT AS LOIS LANE'S 8-YEAR OLD NIECE, SHE'S A CAUTION! NOT THAT SHE DELIBERATELY TELLS FIBS, UNDERSTAND--BUT SHE DOES LET HER FANCY INVENT SOME PRETTY TALL STORIES...AND WHEN, IN AN UNGUARDED MOMENT, THE MIGHTY MAN OF TOMORROW UNDERTAKES TO MAKE THEM COME TRUE, HE FINDS HIS JOB ISN'T CHILD'S PLAY. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES COMES PLenty OF EXCITEMENT, THERE'S A SURPRISE IN STORE FOR YOU AS --

"SUPERMAN MEETS SUSIE!"



GIRL MEETS BOY IN THE DAILY PLANET NEWS-ROOM...

CLARK, THIS IS SUSIE, MY SISTER'S LITTLE GIRL, HERE FROM THE COUNTRY TO VISIT ME. SHE'S EIGHT YEARS OLD.

EVERY-BOODY SAYS I'M SMART, TOO, CLARK.

MAYBE, IF YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL, YOU CAN BE A BRIDESMAID WHEN YOUR AUNT LOIS AND I ARE MARRIED!

UNCLE CLARK TO YOU, SUSIE!

WHEE! WON'T PEOPLE BE JEALOUS WHEN I TELL 'EM!

NOT SO FAST, YOUNG LADY!

HE'S NOT YOUR UNCLE CLARK--HE'S MR. KENT. AND AS FAR AS I KNOW, WE'RE NEVER GOING TO BE MARRIED!

THE IDEA, PUTTING NOTIONS LIKE THAT IN THE CHILD'S HEAD! MY SISTER HAS TROUBLE ENOUGH TRYING TO KEEP HER IMAGINATION WITHIN BOUNDS!

YOU DON'T SAY, SUSIE!

SHE'S PROBABLY TELLING PERRY WHITE ABOUT OUR SHATTERED ROMANCE!

AW, GEE.

I FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT IT, SUSIE!

I STILL THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA.

WHAT NOW?

SHE'S NOT GOING TO LET YOU BE AN OLD MAID!

SHE'S TELLING ME ABOUT HER TRIP TO THE MUNICIPAL PIER THIS MORNING!

I WENT FISHING AN' CAUGHT A WHALE--A REAL ONE--BIGGER'N THIS ROOM!

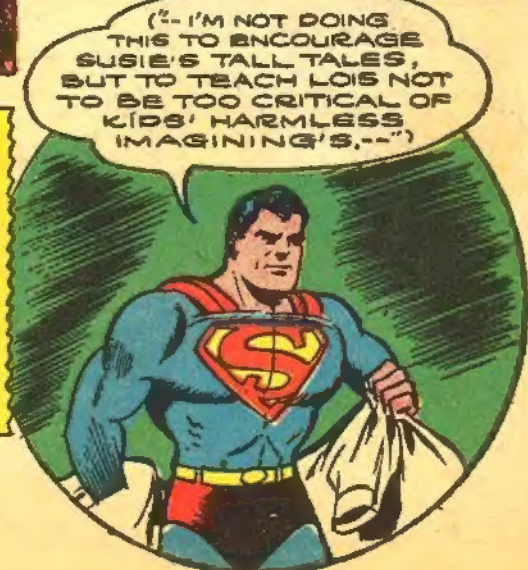
AMAZING!

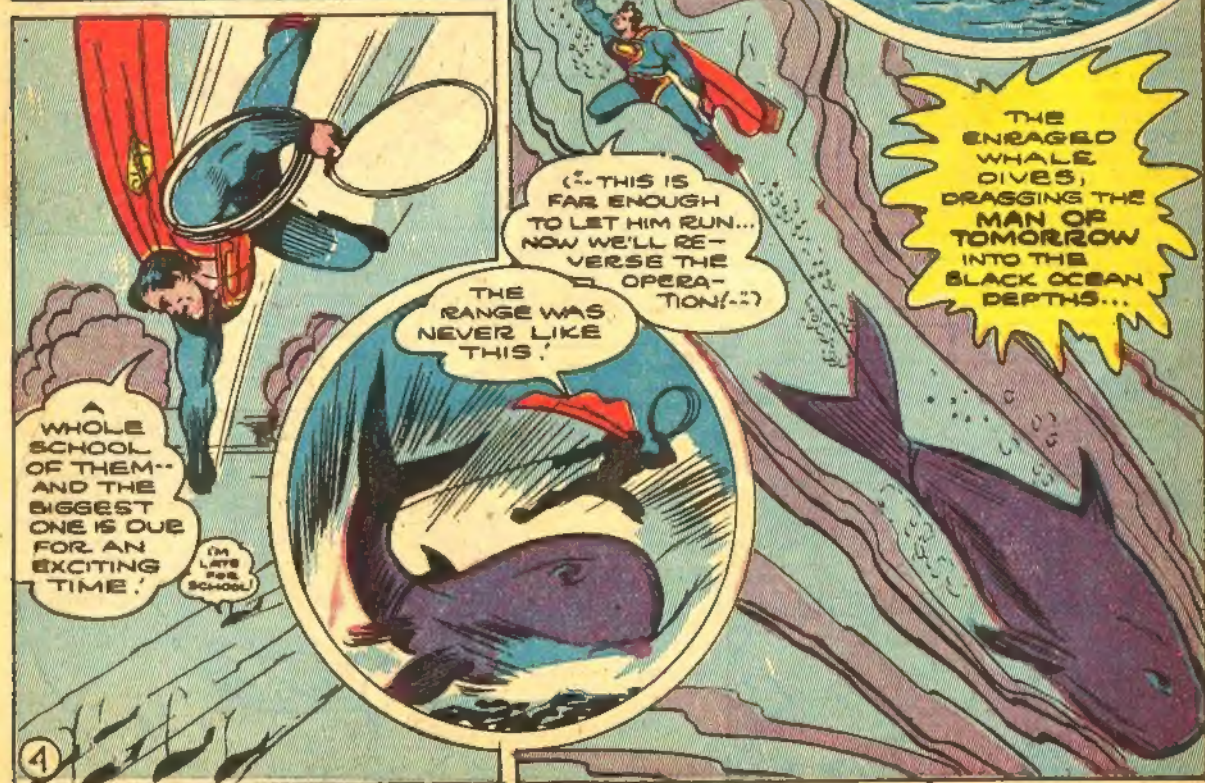
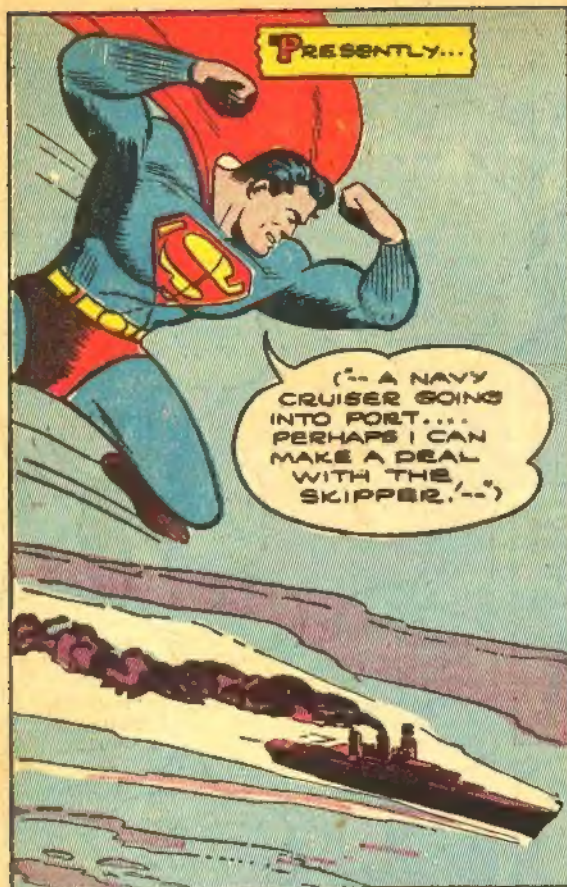
AN' THAT'S NOT ALL, UNCLE PERRY...

SUSIE! THAT'S MR. WHITE, MY BOSS!



DISCARDING HIS OUTER GARMENTS IN A VACANT OFFICE, CLARK KENT BECOMES SUPERMAN!





JOAN AND MONSTER STRUGGLE GRIMLY-- AND THE AMAZING STRENGTH OF THE SMALLER ANTAGONIST TRIUMPHS!

LET'S GO MY WAY FOR A CHANGE!

SINCE I'VE TIRED YOU OUT, OLD-TIMER, IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT I SHOULD CARRY YOU THE REST OF THE WAY!

METROPOLIS MUNICIPAL PIER

MEANWHILE, AT THE APPROACH TO THE MUNICIPAL PIER...

C'MON AN! SEE THE WHALE TIED TO THE DOCK!

CAN THEY BE POSSIBLY SAYING WHAT I THINK THEY'RE SAYING?

HUH?...

I'M DREAMING!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW? I DID DO IT, AFTER ALL!

SUSIE'S WHALE

BUT THE WHALE IS ONLY HALF THE STORY!

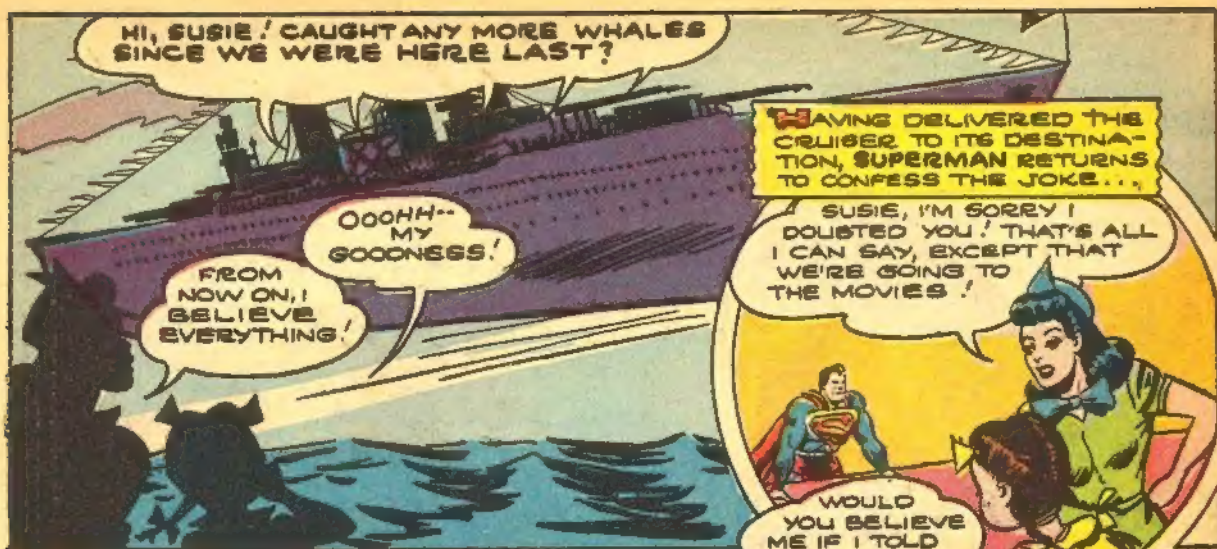
SUSIE, I DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THIS BUT IT'S STILL HARD TO BELIEVE YOU CAUGHT THIS WHALE! AND AS FOR THE BATTLESHIP FLYING THROUGH THE AIR...

SUSIE'S WHALE

I MUST BE STRONGER'N I THOUGHT!

HEY!

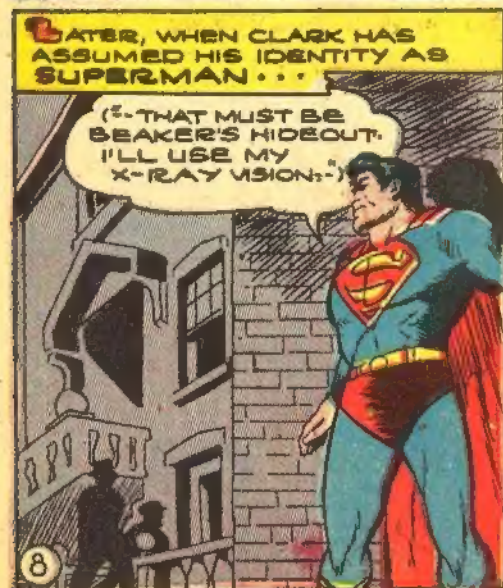
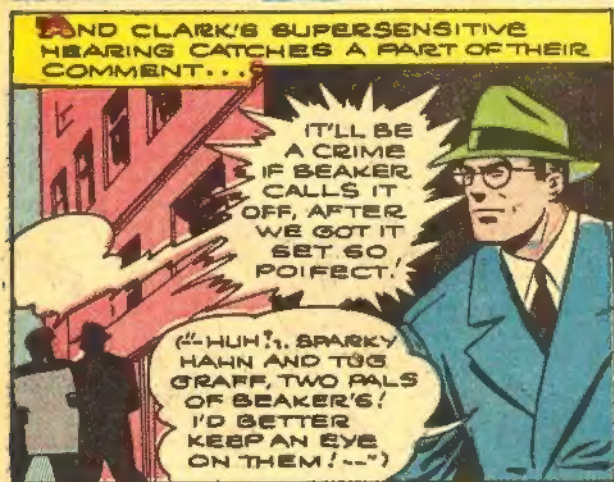
(-- IF I KEEP ON THIS SIDE TILL WE GET PAST THE PIER, NO ONE WILL SEE ME.--)



IN A TELEPHONE BOOTH, SUSIE GIVES A SOMEWHAT GARBLED ACCOUNT OF HER LEAVES-DROPPING TO A RE-WRITE MAN, WHO, UNLUCKILY, HAS NEVER MET HER...







DA BOYS IS GETTIN' SET, AN' IT'S TIME WE STARTED. DA FIREWORKS STARTS AT T'REE O'CLOCK SHARP, AN' IF WE AIN'T ON DA JOB, IT DON'T DO US NO GOOD!

WE OUGHTTA GET A MILLION SMACKERS!

MINUTES LATER, IN METROPOLIS' FINANCIAL DISTRICT--THE MOST CAREFULLY GUARDED SPOT IN AMERICA--MEN CARRYING HEAVY SUITCASES MINGLE WITH THE THROGS...

HERE'S WHERE DA FOIST TIME BOMB GOSS!

WE GOTTA HUSTLE TA GET 'EM ALL SET BEFORE T'REE!



FROM A POINT OF VANTAGE, SUPERMAN WATCHES THEIR EVERY MOVE AND HEARS THEIR EVERY WORD!

SO THAT'S BEAKER'S SCHEME--AND AMAZINGLY, IT FITS RIGHT IN WITH SUSIE'S SCOOP!

AT THREE, THE BOMBS WILL BLOW OUT BUILDING WALLS--TEAR GAS WILL FILL THE STREETS--AND WHILE PANIC SPREADS AND MOBS KEEP THE POLICE FROM THEIR JOB, BEAKER AND HIS MEN WILL LOOT AND RUN!

IN THE CITY'S LARGEST BANK...

ONE SECOND TA GO, BOYS! TIME TA PUT ON DA MASKS!

WE CLEAN UP DIS JOINT FOIST, DEN HELP DA REST OF 'EM WIT' DA OTHERS, EH?



ONE SECOND TO GO--BUT THAT IS TIME ENOUGH FOR THE MAN WHO MOVES WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT!

ANK

DID YA FEEL A BREEZE, PSTE?

(I SUPPOSE I COULD ALWAYS GET A JOB AS A PORTER IF THE PLANET SHOULD FIRE ME! :))
YEAH-- SORT OF!

FANCY MEETING YOU HERE, BEAKER!

SUPERMAN!



HE'S GOT DA BAGS! DEY'LL EXPLODE!



FIRST I DEPOSIT YOU HERE!

THEN I MAKE A WITHDRAWAL--AND BECAUSE TIME IS SHORT, I WON'T BE DAINTY ABOUT IT!

HELP! POLICE!

HE'S GOT US!

TOO BAD THIS ISN'T THE FOURTH OF JULY!

ALARMS HAVE ALREADY SOUNDED THROUGHOUT THE DISTRICT, AND POLICEMEN HAVE ARRIVED...

PLEASE PUT US DOWN, SUPERMAN! WE'LL DO ANYTHING YA SAY!

ANYTHING I SAY? THEN GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE WARDEN!

BEAKER BEALES AN' HIS BOYS, OR I'M A GENERAL IN THE MARINES!

WILL YEZ LOOK WHAT SUPERMAN'S BRINGIN' US!

CLANG CLANG

TEAR GAS RELEASED BY BEAKER'S HENCHMEN IS CHANNELLED INTO VACUUM TRAILS LEFT IN THE WAKE OF THE SPEEDING MAN OF STEEL....

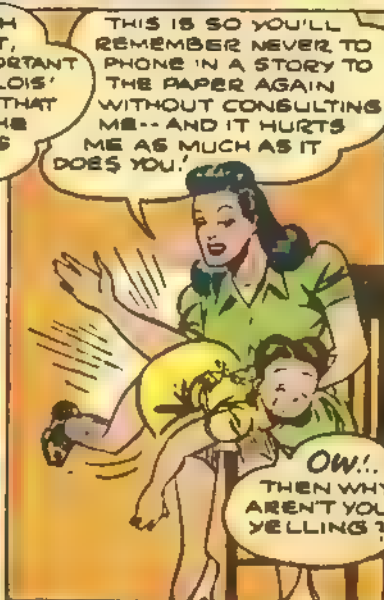
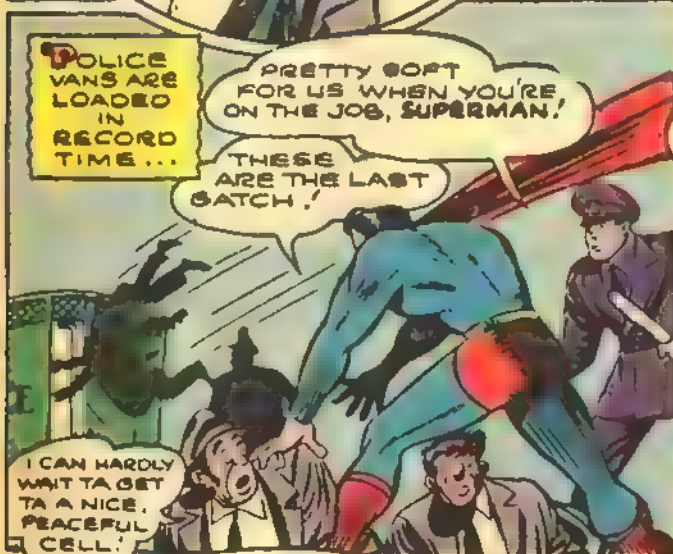
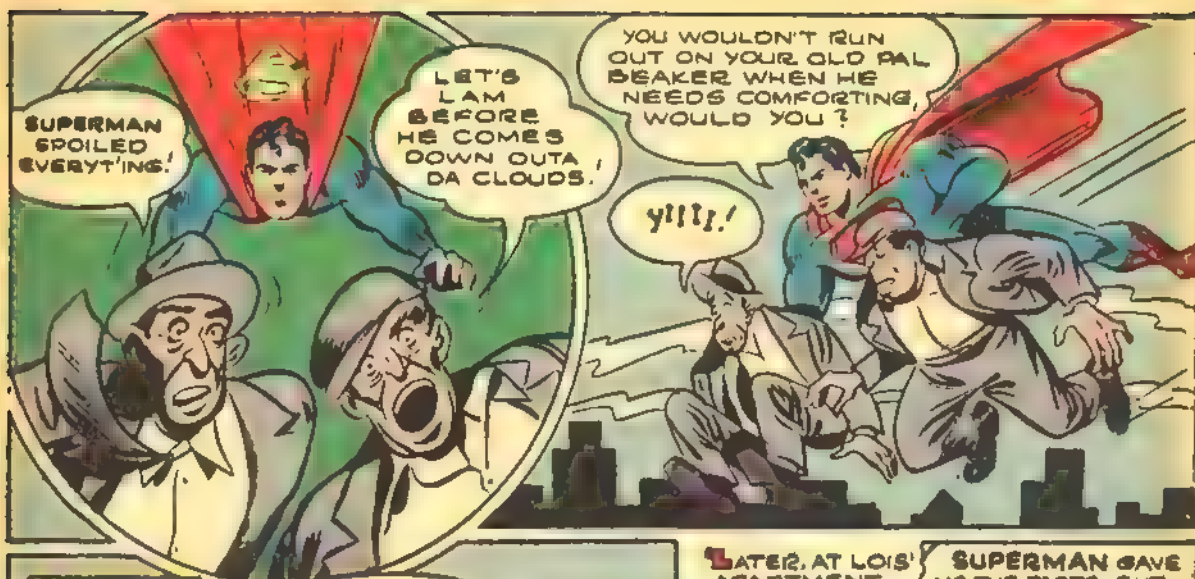
AND IS DISSIPATED IN THE UPPER AIR...

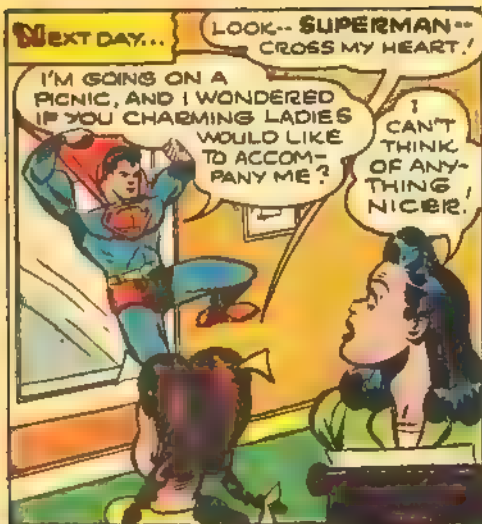
BOOM

MY EYES! IS THERE TEAR GAS AROUND?

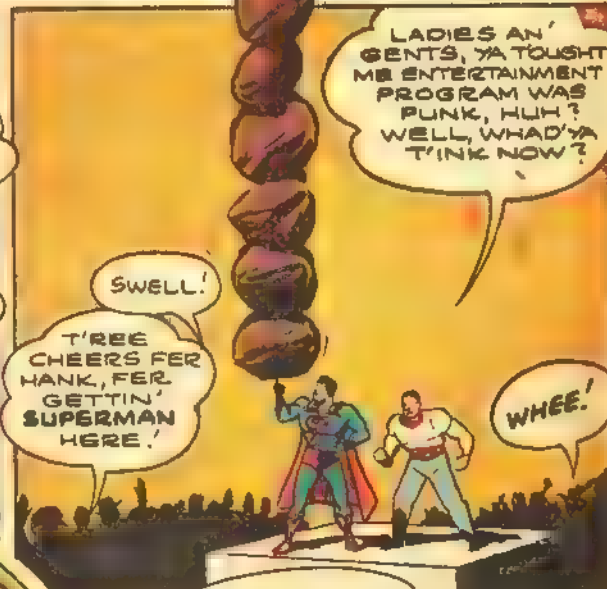
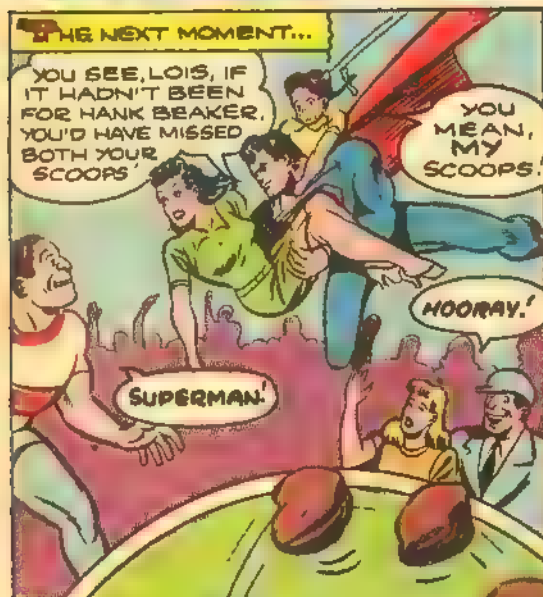
I THOUGHT THERE WAS-- BUT EVERYTHING SEEMS ALL RIGHT NOW!

THAT OUGHT TO LEAVE THE BROKERS AND BANKERS DRY-EYED!

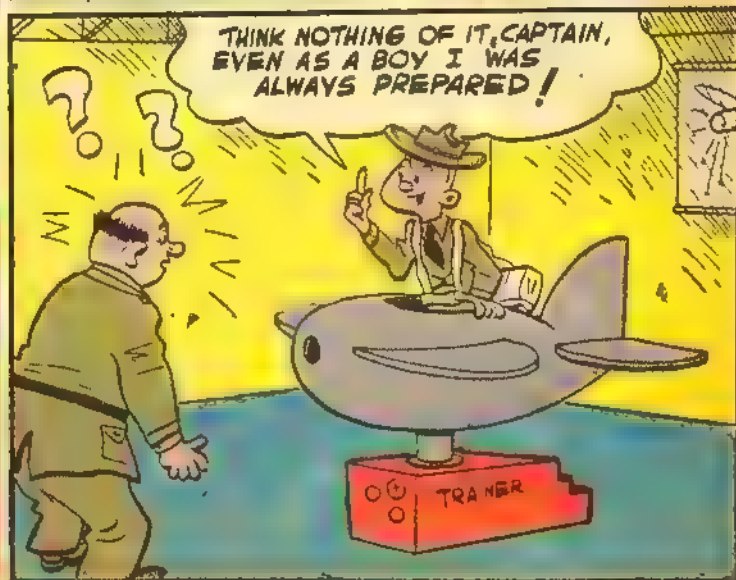
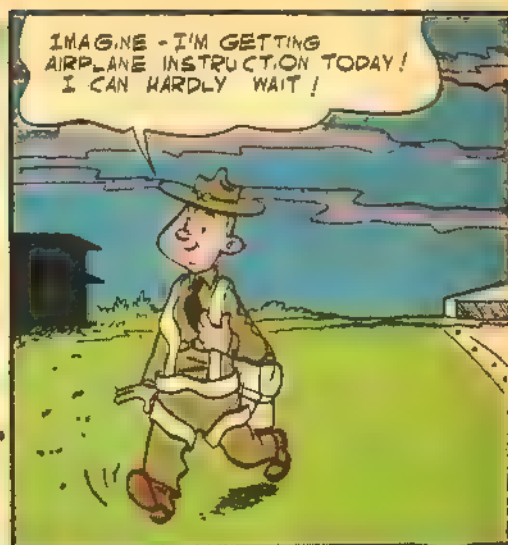




AT
THE
STEVE-
DORES'
ANNUAL
OUTING...







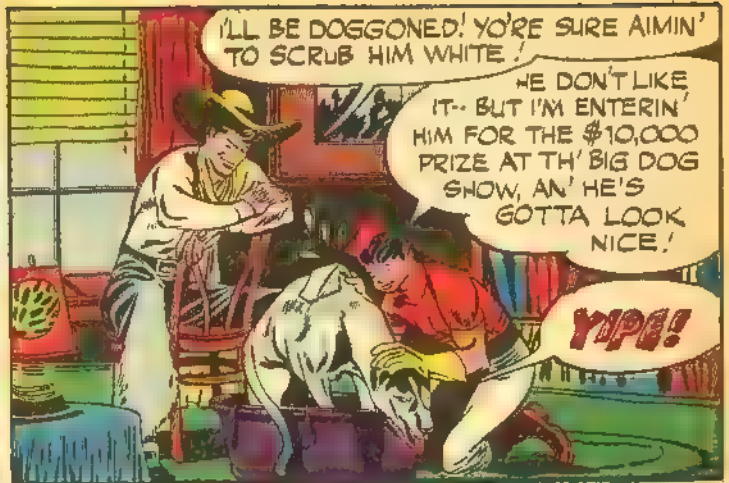
VIGILANTE

THAT PRIZE PACKAGE OF THE UNDERWORLD, DUKE DAGGETT, SPECIALIST IN NEFARIOUS ENTERPRISES SUDDENLY SETS HIS BLACK HEART ON WINNING A BLUE RIBBON WHERE THE CANINES CONGREGATE! BUT HE CAN'T EVEN BE ON THE UP AND UP WITH A PUP WHEN IT COMES TO THE SHOWDOWN... AND ONLY THE VALIANT VIGILANTE, ABLY SECONDED BY YOUNG STUFF, CAN SHOW HIM UP-- IN HIS TRUE COLORS-- WHEN...
"THE DUKE GOES TO THE DOGS!"

BY
WORT
MORTON
JR.
AND
JOE



BERIE, EXOTIC CHINATOWN! A SHRIEK OF TERROR RINGS THROUGH THE AIR-- BUT GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, ONLY LAUGHS!



SHOW GREG HOW YOU CAN TAKE OFF HIS HAT, WHITEY-- SEE?



NOW SHOW HOW A GOOD NAZI LOOKS!-- HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, GREG?



WHY SHOULD HE NEED HIGH CLASS ANCESTORS? NONE O' THEM DOGS WITH A PEDIGREE CAN DO HALF WHAT HE DOES!



STIFF COMPETITION IS RIGHT! FOR EXAMPLE, THE ENTRY OF BILLIONAIRE PIERREPONT VANDERHOF--

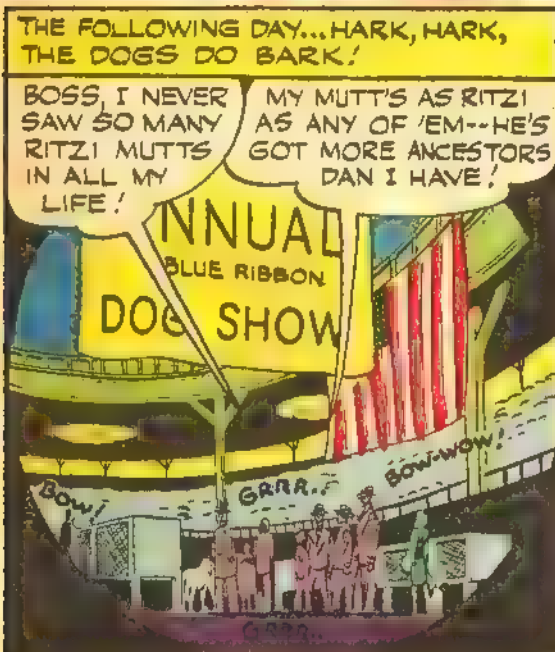
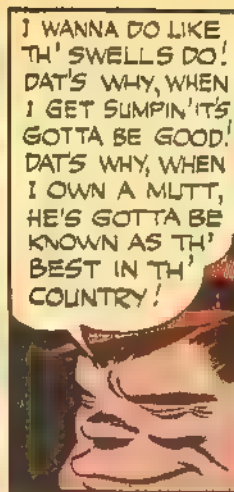
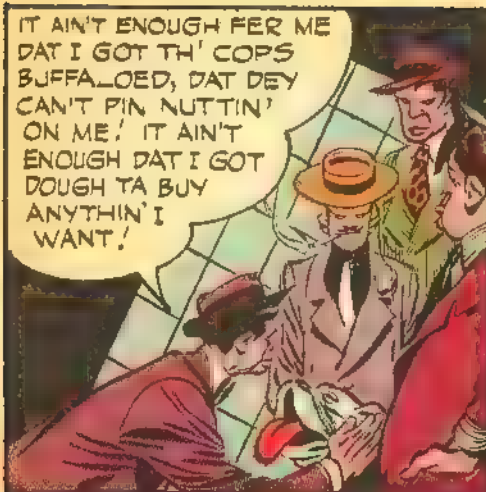


--AND OF THE FAMOUS EARL OF BULLINGTHROW --(THAT'S THE EARL ON THE LEFT!)



--NOT TO MENTION THE PULCHRITUDINOUS POOCH OF DUKE DAGGETT, MOBSTER!





BUT LATER, TEMPTATION BECKONS..

HEY, TAKE A GANDER AT THAT DOUGH!

TAKE IT EASY! YA HEARD WHAT THE BOSS SAID!



SURE, BUT I DON'T MEAN WE SHOULD PULL A JOB AROUND HERE! WE'LL JUST FOLLOW THIS GUY HOME-- TH' BOSS WON'T HAVE NOTHIN TO COMPLAIN ABOUT!



WON'T HE, THOUGH! ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE KENNEL AT THAT MOMENT--

YEAH! THAT'S PIERREPONT VANDERHOF! HE MUST HAVE LOTS MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!



UH-OH! I'D BETTER TELL GREG ABOUT THIS

I'VE GOT SOME NEWS FOR YOU, GREG-- NEWS FOR THE VIGILANTE!



AND SO, LATER, AS PIERREPONT VANDERHOF DINES IN HIS COSY LITTLE HOME ...

MARSHALL PETTIBONE REX BRADBURY VI WON FIRST HONORS IN HIS CLASS TODAY, MY DEAR! TOMORROW HE WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BE CHOSEN BEST OF THE DOG SHOW!

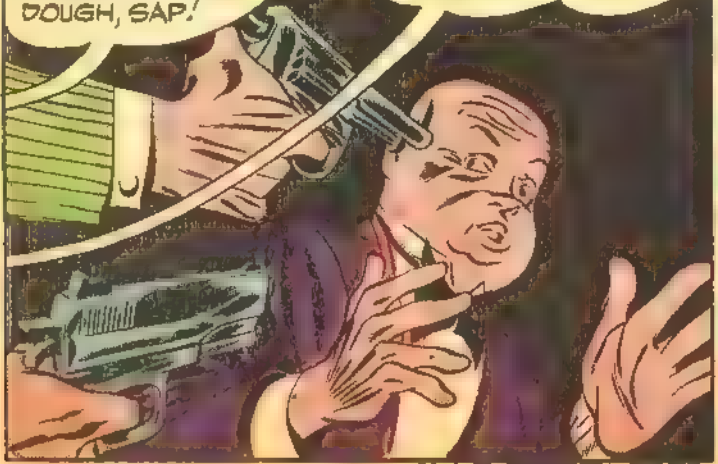
HOW LITTERLY THRILLING, PIERREPONT!



UNEXPECTEDLY--

THIS IS JUST A LITTLE DESSO.T TO HELP YA ENJOY YOUR DINNER! HAND OVER TH' DOUGH, SAP!

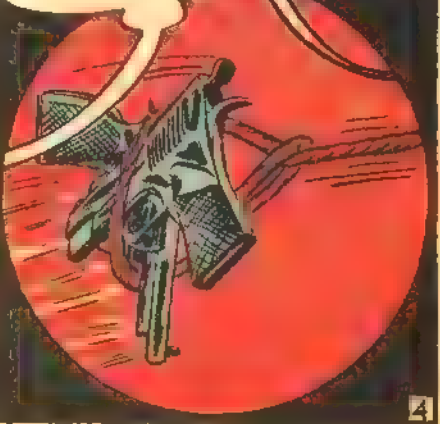
AN' MAKE IT QUICK BEFORE I LOIN WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO SOCK A BILLIONAIRE LIKE I SOCKED TH' GUY AT TH' DOOR!



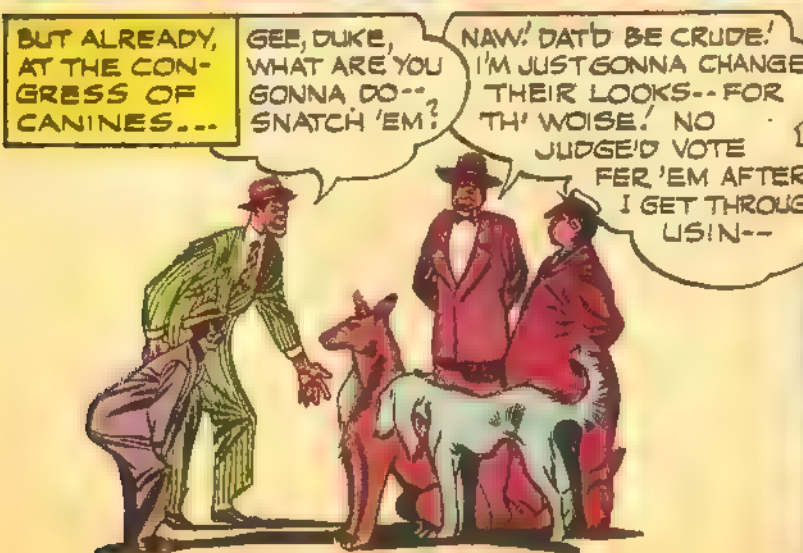
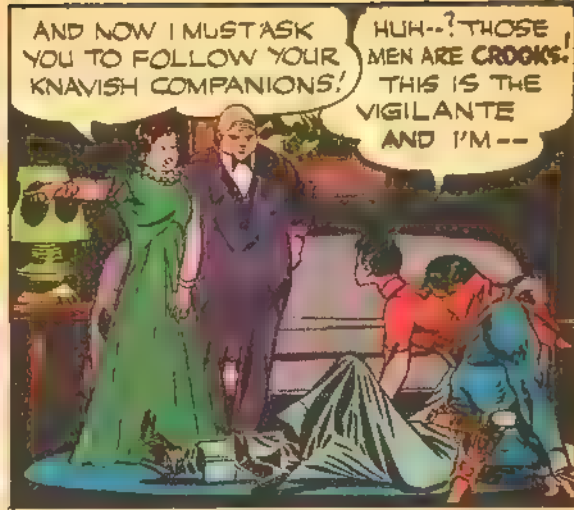
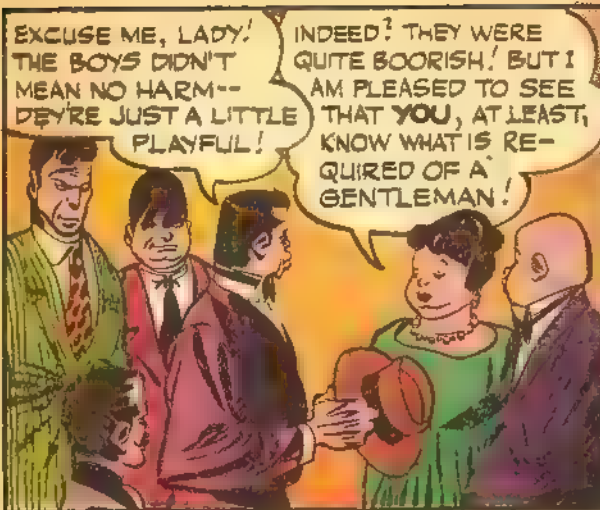
-- AND EVEN MORE UNEXPECTEDLY.

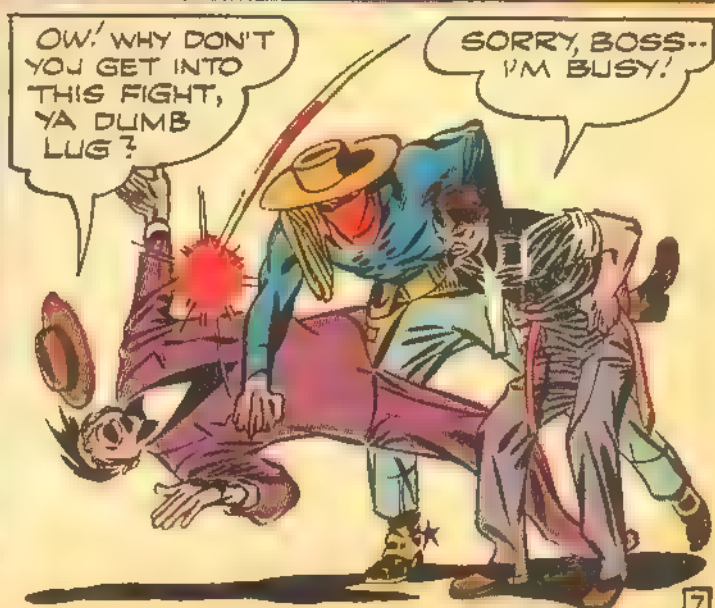
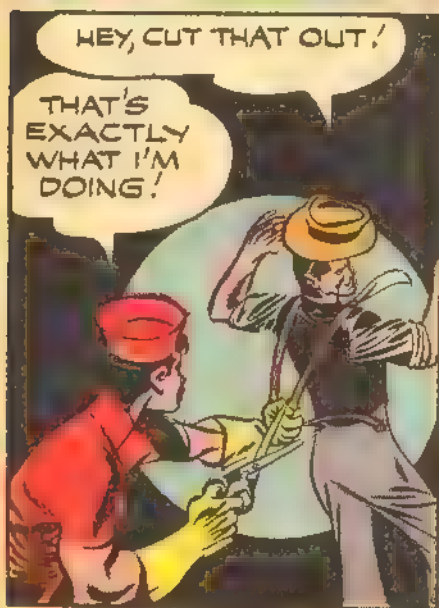
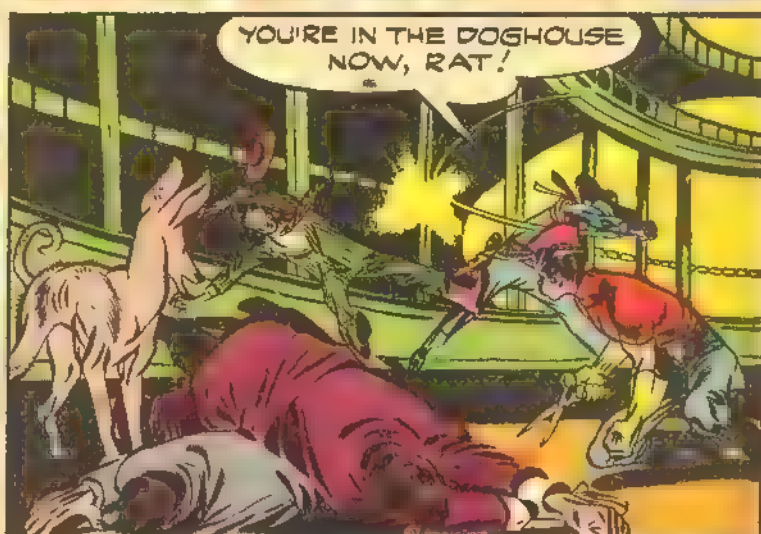
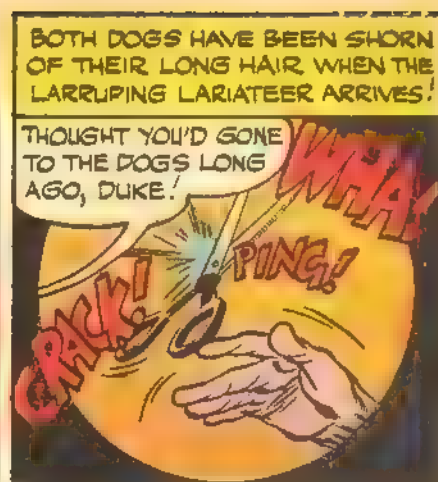
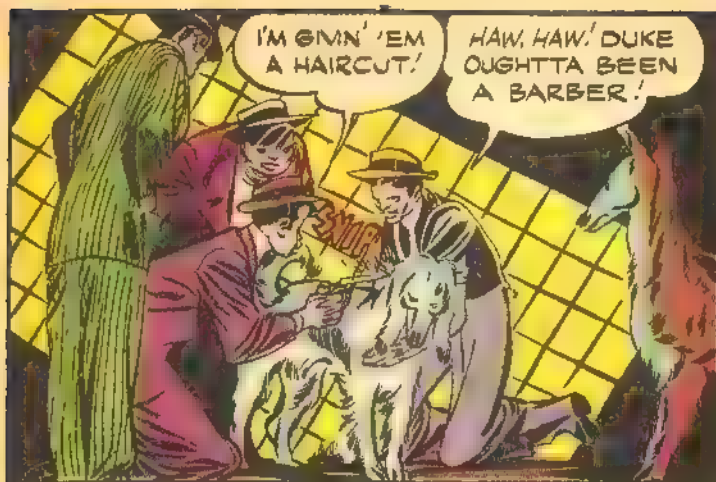
DROP YOUR ROD, RATTLER!

HEY--IT'S TH' VIGILANTE!









AS VICTORY IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER-- SUDDENLY...



WHA?

HERE'S OUR CHANCE, BOYS NEVER MIND OUR PANTS-- GET THEM VIGILANTE

AS VICTORY IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER-- SUDDENLY...



WHA?

HERE'S OUR CHANCE, BOYS NEVER MIND OUR PANTS-- GET THEM VIGILANTE

DA SISSY! HE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE WHEN WE GANG UP ON 'IM!

SAY TH' WORD, DUKE, AN'
I'LL PUMP 'EM FULLA'
LEAD.

DIDN'T I TELL
HOUSE BOYS NOT
TA BE SO CRUDE--

SAY TH' WORD, DUKE, AN'
I'LL PUMP 'EM FULLA'
LEAD.

DIDN'T I TELL
HOUSE BOYS NOT
TA BE SO CRUDE--

MOMENTS LATER, THE DUKE'S NIMBLE BRAIN HAS DEVISED A NEAT INVITATION TO DEATH!

I'D HATE TA BE IN YOUR PLACE WHEN THAT ROPE LETS YA DOWN FAST, VIGILANTE...

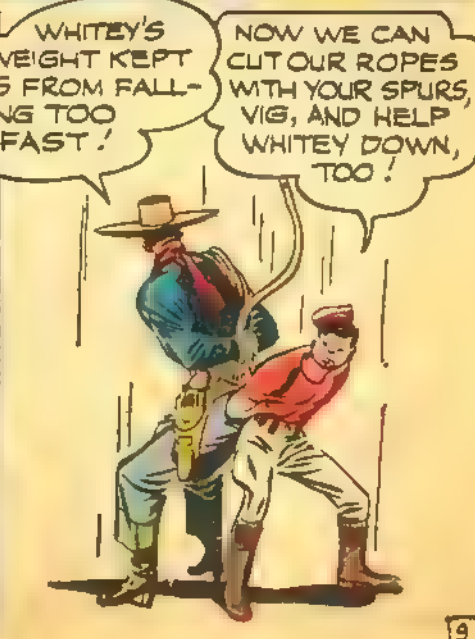
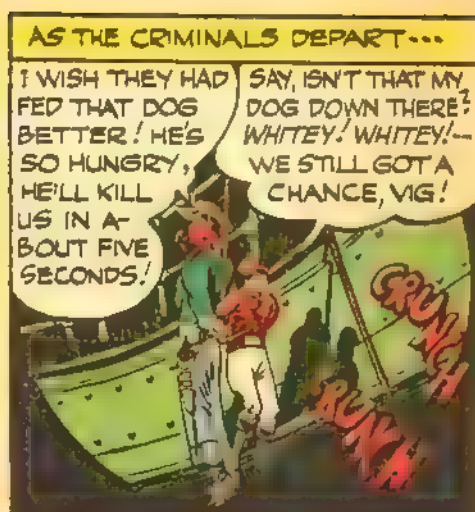
DAVE'S SWEET SHOPPE

MOMENTS LATER, THE DUKE'S NIMBLE BRAIN HAS DEvised A NEAT INVITATION TO DEATH!

I'D HATE TA BE IN YOUR PLACE WHEN THAT ROPE LETS YA DOWN FAST, VIGILANTE...

DAVE'S SWEET SHOPPE

AND THAT'LL BE AS SOON AS THIS BONE GETS BIT THROUGH!



NEXT DAY--JUDGMENT DAY!

THESE DOGS ARE THE BEST IN THE SHOW! TWO OF THEM HAVE BEEN CLIPPED, BUT WE JUDGED THEIR APPEARANCE BEFORE THAT! HOWEVER, WE ARE GOING TO GIVE THEM

A SEVERE TEST IN OBEDIENCE! BRING ON THE CAT!



SUDDENLY..

DON'T BE VULGAR, MARSHALL PETTIBONE!

HOLD IT, YA WHACKY MUTT!

STAY PUT, WHITEY! GOOD BOY!



PRESENTLY..

THE WINNER-- WHITEY, EXHIBITED BY THE CHINATOWN KID!

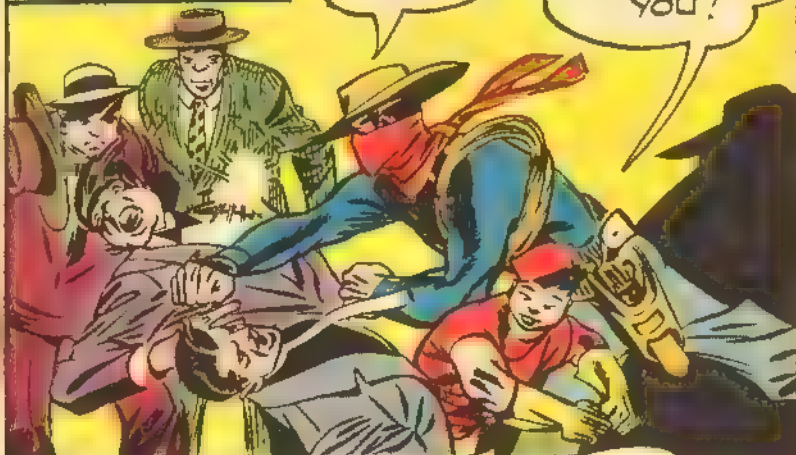
DEY CAN'T TREAT MY MUTT LIKE DAT!



UNEXPECTEDLY, FROM THE MOST OF THE CROWD--

WHO SAYS WE CAN'T?

WE DON'T LOVE YOUR DOG AND WE DON'T LOVE YOU!



SHORTLY..

THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!

HUH--? DA COPS AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' ON ME!



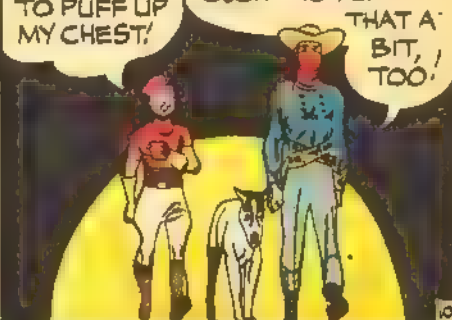
THOSE DOG-HAIRS HE CLIPPED WILL BE STICKING TO HIS CLOTHES. TOGETHER WITH YOUR EVIDENCE, VIG, HE'LL END UP IN JAIL!



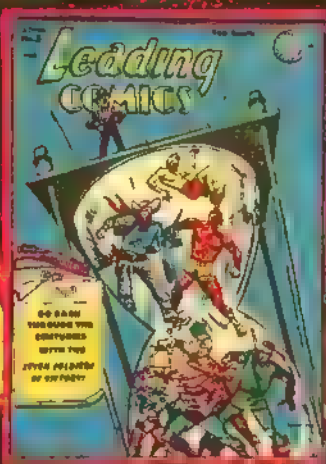
MY DOG, TH' BEST IN TH' SHOW! BOY! AM I GOING TO PUFF UP MY CHEST!

WHEN WE GIVE THAT \$ 10,000 YOU WON TO THE ALLIED WAR CHEST--IT OUGHT TO PUFF

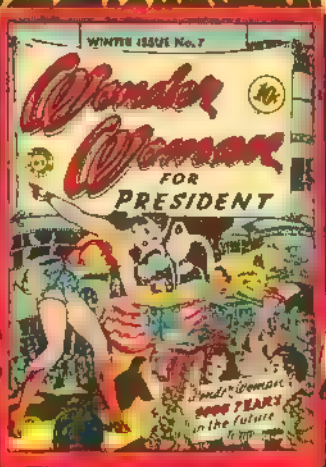
THAT A BIT, TOO!



YOU, TOO, CAN HELP PUFF OUR WAR CHEST BY BUYING BONDS AND STAMPS!



**BE SURE
TO GET THESE
TOP FAVORITES
FOR THE BEST IN
COMICS!**



**NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!**



RUMED THE ROBOT

TSK-TSK!--THIS WOULD HAPPEN!--
THE VERY FIRST TIME I LEAVE THE HOUSE IT
HAS TO BUST ALL-OUT RAINING!--NOW
I'LL GET M'SELF SOAKING RUSTY--!!

COME DOWN OFF THAT
POLE THIS MINUTE,--YOU
REFUGEE FROM A
JUNK YARD--!!



FOLKS, MEET
AB TINKLEBERRY--
A YOUNG MAN
FIFTY YEARS AHEAD
OF THE TIMES!--
HE HAS JUST
BROKEN DOWN TWO
OLD RADIO SETS,
SCRAMBLED THEM
WITH THE REMNANTS
OF A 1930 FORD,
AND ASSEMBLED
SOMETHING QUITE
REMARKABLE--TO
SAY THE LEAST--

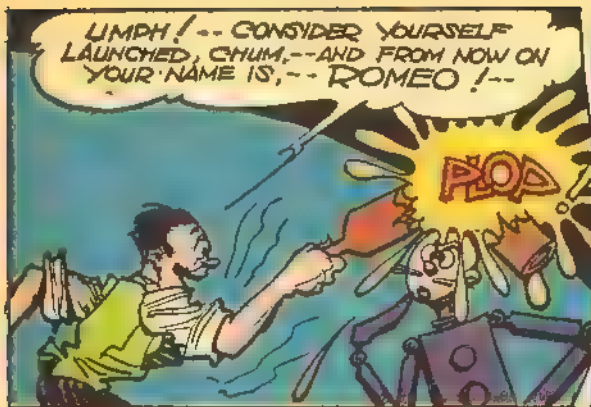
LET'S STEP INTO
HIS WORKSHOP
FOR A CLOSE-UP!

HOT DOG!--IT WORKS!--
AND I'VE GOT ENOUGH SPARE
PARTS LEFT OVER TO MAKE
HIM A TWIN BROTHER--!

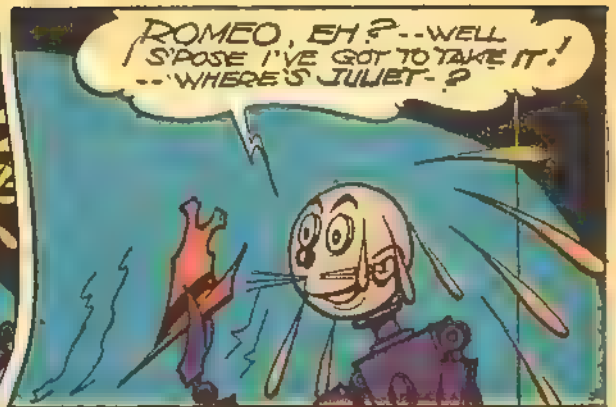


NOW MY GALVANIZED
BRAIN-CHILD I THINK IT
ONLY FITTING AND PROPER
THAT I GIVE YOU A NAME--!

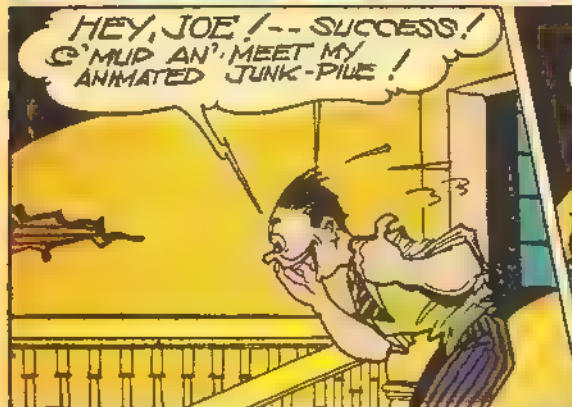




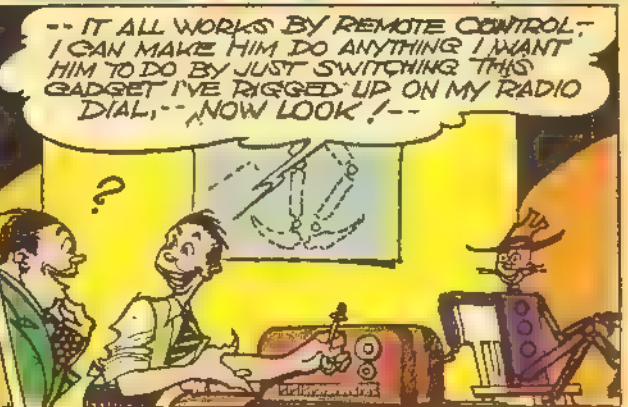
UMPH!-- CONSIDER YOURSELF LAUNCHED, CHUM!-- AND FROM NOW ON YOUR NAME IS,-- ROMEO!--



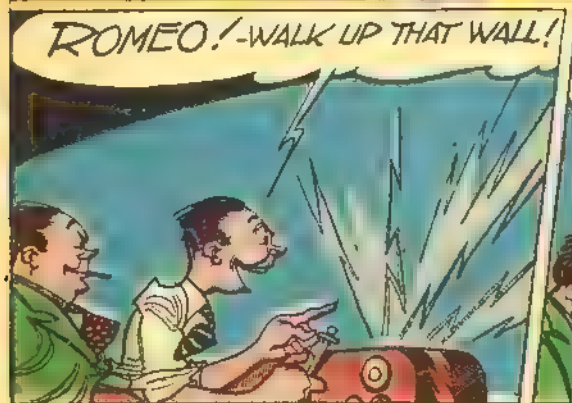
ROMEO, EH?--WELL I S'POSE I'VE GOT TO TAKE IT!-- WHERE'S JULIET?



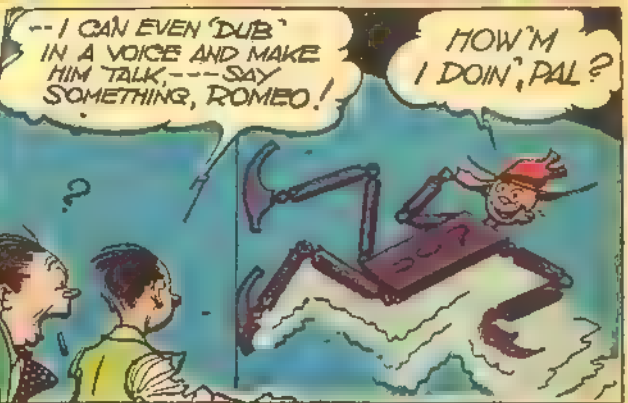
HEY, JOE!-- SUCCESS! S'MUP AN' MEET MY ANIMATED JUNK-PIE!



-- IT ALL WORKS BY REMOTE CONTROL-- I CAN MAKE HIM DO ANYTHING I WANT HIM TO DO BY JUST SWITCHING THIS GADGET I'VE RIGGED UP ON MY RADIO DIAL!-- NOW LOOK!--

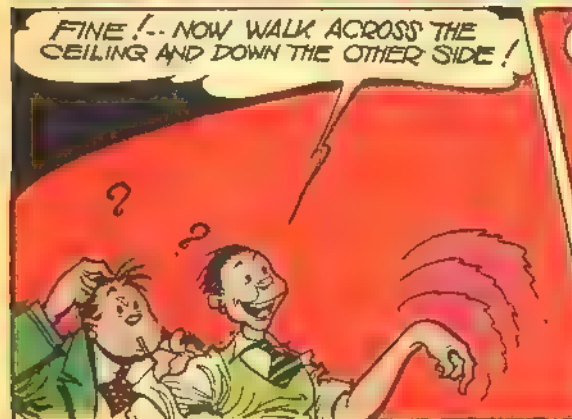


ROMEO!--WALK UP THAT WALL!

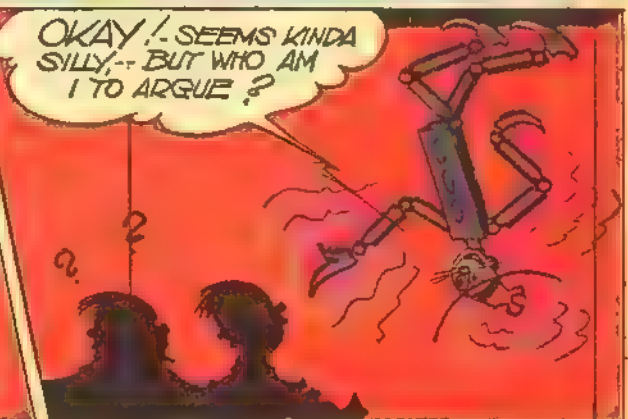


-- I CAN EVEN 'DUB' IN A VOICE AND MAKE HIM TALK,--- SAY SOMETHING, ROMEO!

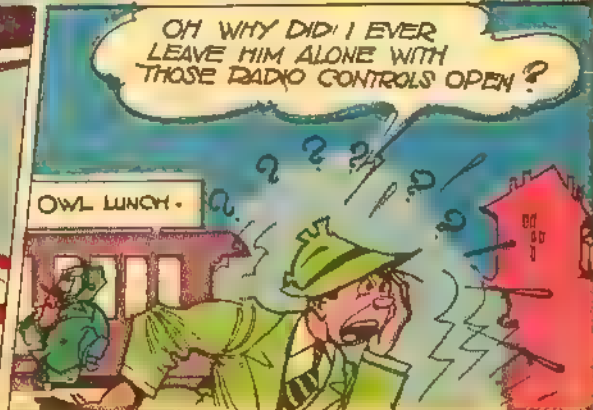
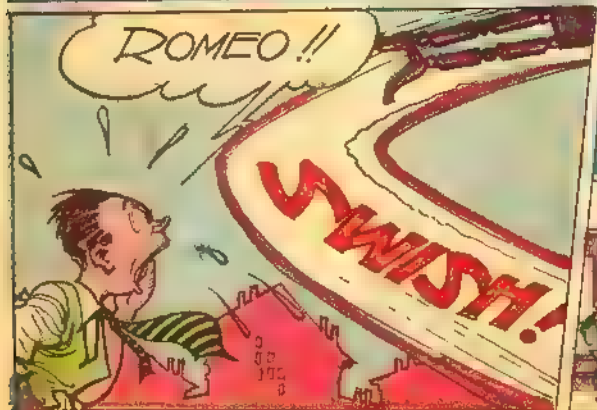
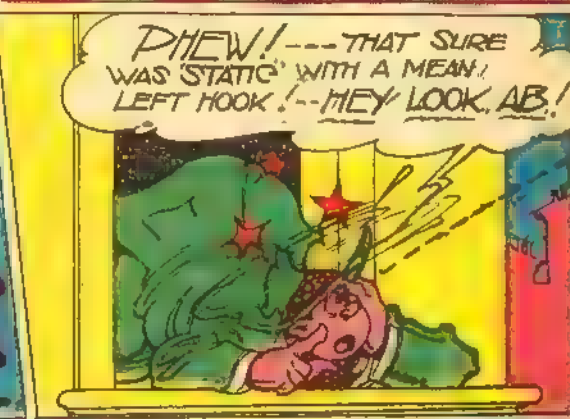
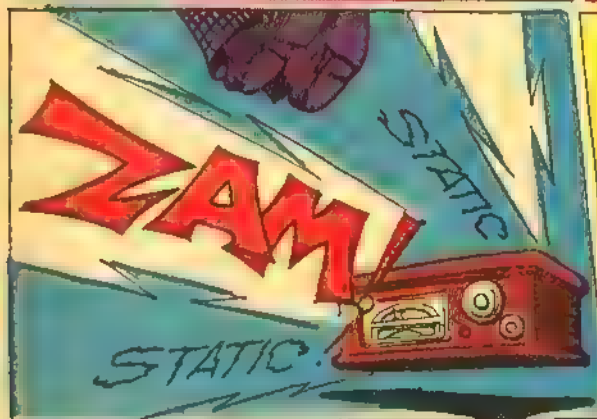
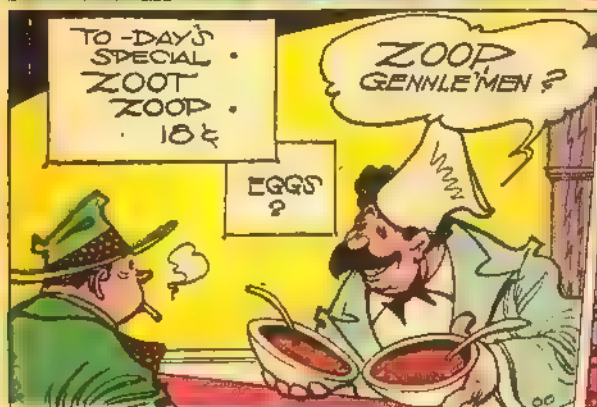
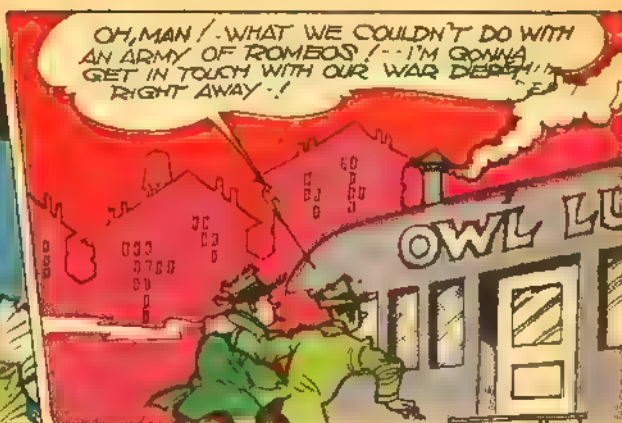
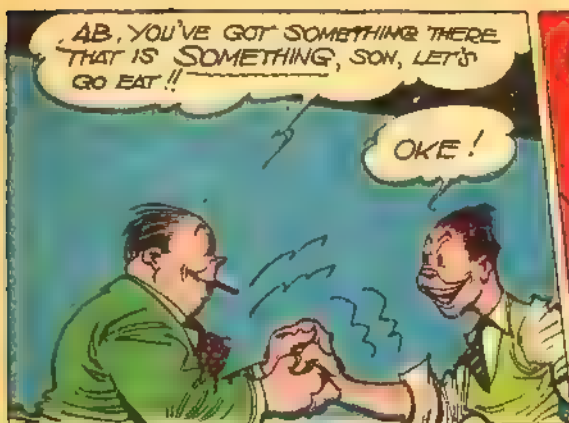
HOW'M I DOIN', PAL?

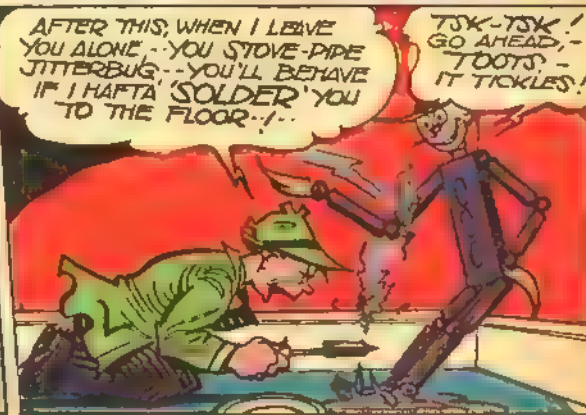
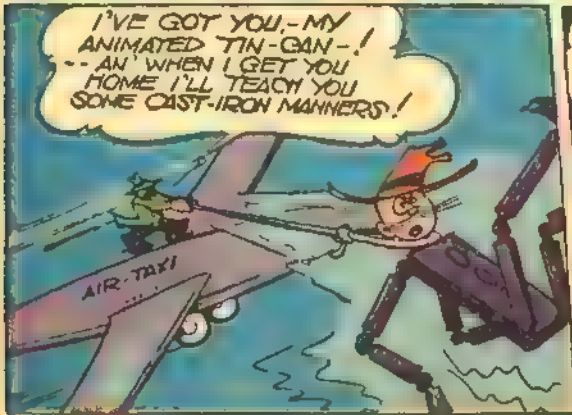
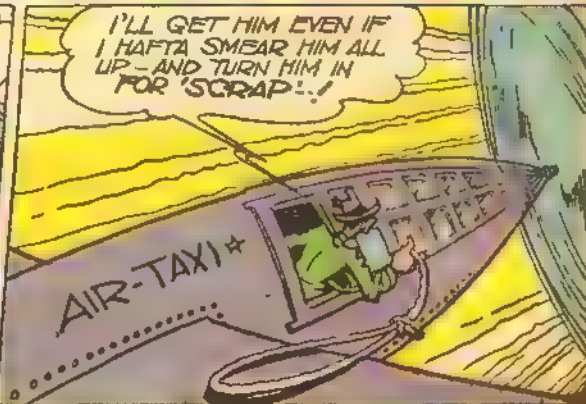
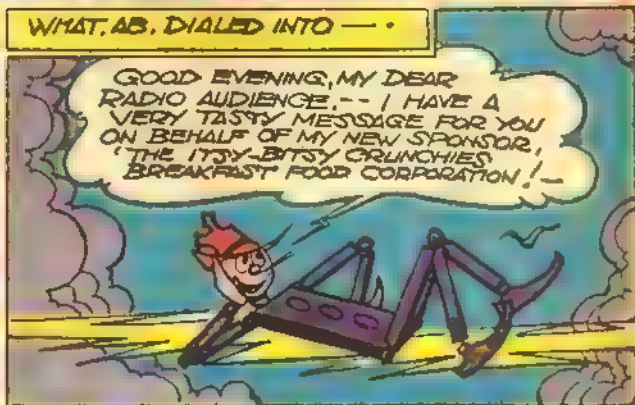
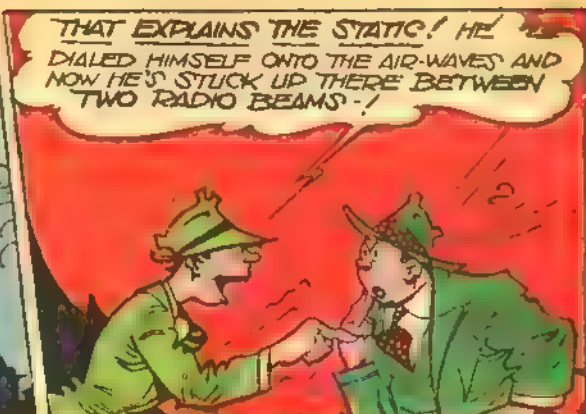
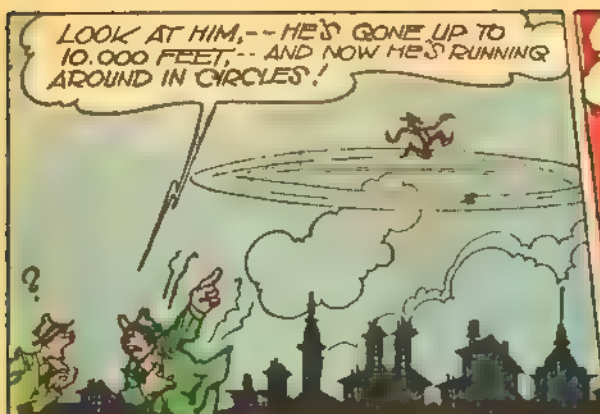


FINE!-- NOW WALK ACROSS THE CEILING AND DOWN THE OTHER SIDE!



OKAY!-- SEEMS KINDA SILLY!-- BUT WHO AM I TO ARGUE?



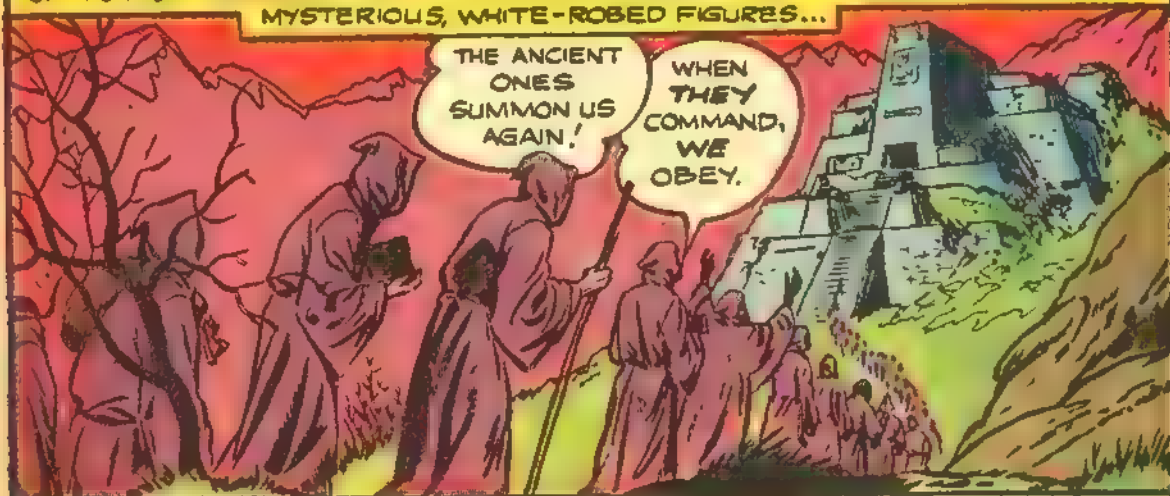


CONGO BILL

ON THE SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS OF PERU, THAT INTREPID ADVENTURER AND MASTER OF JUNGLE LORE, CONGO BILL, FINDS THAT LONG-BURIED TREASURE IS BEING SOUGHT BY THE ENEMIES OF HIS COUNTRY! AND TO DEFEAT THEIR POISONOUS PLANS, HE FIGHTS AS ONLY A FREE MAN CAN, DEFYING DEATH AND THE SINISTER FORCES OF DESTRUCTION IN THE TERRIFYING MYSTERY OF... **THE ANCIENT INCAS!**



UP A STEEP MOUNTAIN TRAIL IN THE HIGH ANDES, WINDS A PROCESSION OF MYSTERIOUS, WHITE-ROBED FIGURES...



INSIDE THE PYRAMID-LIKE TEMPLE...

INCA WARRIORS, YOUR HIGH PRIEST HAS TALKED WITH THE ANCIENT ONES! THEY HAVE NEED OF THE GOLD WHICH YOUR NOBLE ANCESTORS BURIED IN THE VALLEY OF THE SUN. GO-- AND RET'L'N WITH THE SACRED INGOTS!

WE HEAR, WE HEAR!

OUR HIGH PRIEST HAS SPOKEN!

SOME-TIME BEFORE, ABOARD A UNITED STATES NAVAL VESSEL OFF THE COAST OF PERU...

WE RAN DOWN A NAZI AGENT CRUISING AROUND, IN A PICKET-BOAT. THE RAT WAS SUN-NG H-IMSELF ON A PILE OF **GOLD INGOTS** CRUSTED OVER WITH DRIED RED CLAY!

HE WOULDN'T TALK, BUT WE'RE SURE HE HAD A DATE WITH A JAP SUB! WE'LL NEED YOUR HELP, CONGO BILL, TO TRACE THAT GOLD TO ITS SOURCE!



IT SOUNDS LIKE A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT, SIR, BUT I'LL GO TO BAT WITH EVERYTHING I'VE GOT!

NEXT DAY...

THIS IS A LONG SHOT, LIEUTENANT-- FOLLOWING A LEAD PICKED UP IN A WATERFRONT TAVERN...

THAT LEGEND THOSE SAILORS MENTIONED SOUNDS AUTHENTIC TO ME, THE LOST TREASURE OF THE INCAS! THINK OF IT, BILL--BURIED FOR CENTURIES SOMEWHERE ON THIS MOUNTAIN!

AND GUARDED BY A SECRET CULT OF WARRIORS!



WEARY AND HALF-FROZEN, THE TWO RESOLUTE MEN REACH THE SNOWLINE, WHERE THEY BEHOLD...

HOLY SMOKES! THOSE NATIVES ARE WEARING OLD-FASHIONED NIGHTSHIRTS.

NIGHTSHIRTS NOTHING! THEY'RE GARBED IN THE CEREMONIAL ROBES OF THE ANCIENT INCAS!!

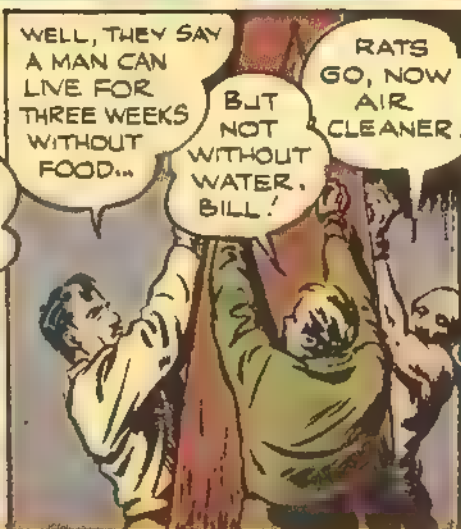
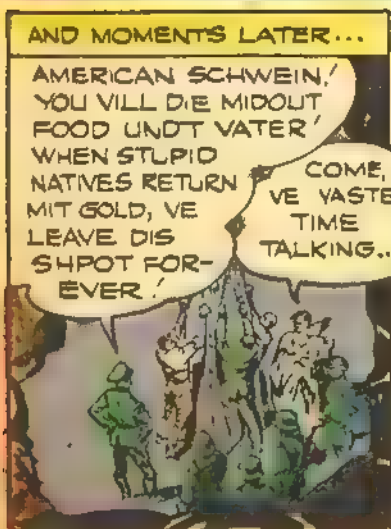
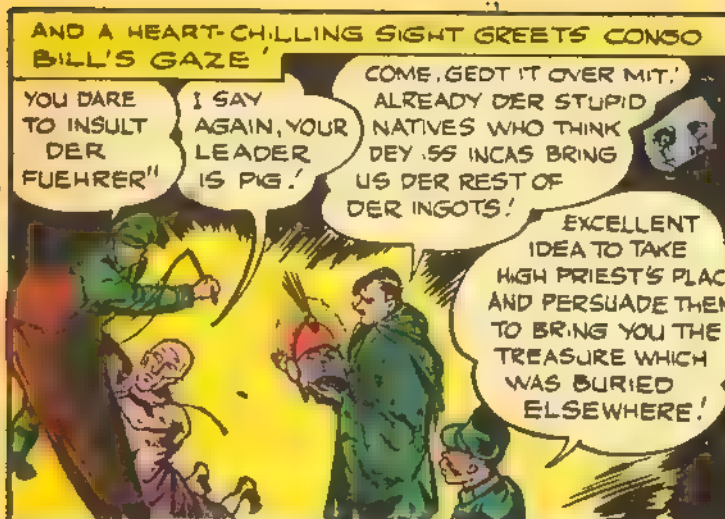
WHAT DO YOU SAY WE MOVE UP CLOSER?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO ASK ME, BILL. YOU'RE RUNNING THIS SHOW.

LOOKS LIKE THE PYRAMID'S NOTHING BUT A BIG RUBBLE PILE!

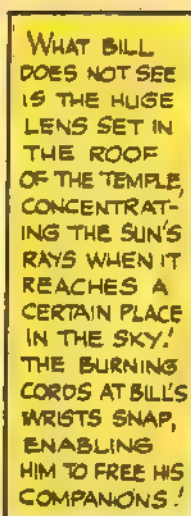
IT'S SOLID ENOUGH IN PLACES. BUT THIS OPENING SEEMS TO GO RIGHT THROUGH. THERE'S A LIGHTED CHAMBER DIRECTLY BELOW AND--**GREAT SCOTT, BILL! LOOK!**



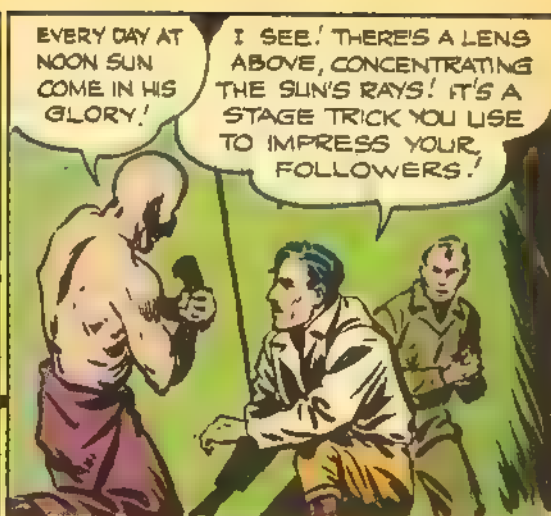




GREAT SCOTT!
MY WRISTS
ARE ON
FIRE!

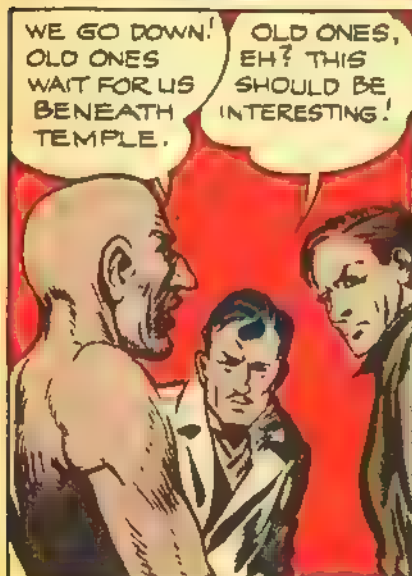


WHAT BILL
DOES NOT SEE
IS THE HUGE
LENS SET IN
THE ROOF
OF THE TEMPLE,
CONCENTRATING
THE SUN'S
RAYS WHEN IT
REACHES A
CERTAIN PLACE
IN THE SKY!
THE BURNING
CORDS AT BILL'S
WRISTS SNAP,
ENABLING
HIM TO FREE HIS
COMPANIONS!



EVERY DAY AT
NOON SUN
COME IN HIS
GLORY!

I SEE! THERE'S A LENS
ABOVE, CONCENTRATING
THE SUN'S RAYS! IT'S A
STAGE TRICK YOU USE
TO IMPRESS YOUR
FOLLOWERS!

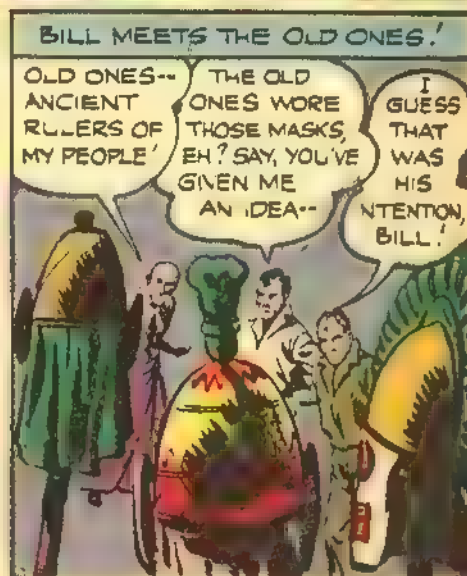


WE GO DOWN!
OLD ONES
WAIT FOR US
BENEATH
TEMPLE.

OLD ONES,
EH? THIS
SHOULD BE
INTERESTING!



THIS
GETS
CREEPER
BY THE
MINUTE!

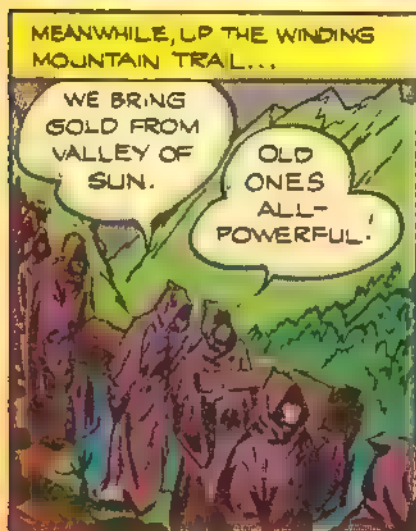


BILL MEETS THE OLD ONES!

OLD ONES--
ANCIENT
RULERS OF
MY PEOPLE!

THE OLD
ONES WORE
THOSE MASKS,
EH? SAY, YOU'VE
GIVEN ME
AN IDEA--

I
GUESS
THAT
WAS
HIS
ATTENTION,
BILL!



MEANWHILE, UP THE WINDING
MOUNTAIN TRAIL...

WE BRING
GOLD FROM
VALLEY OF
SUN.

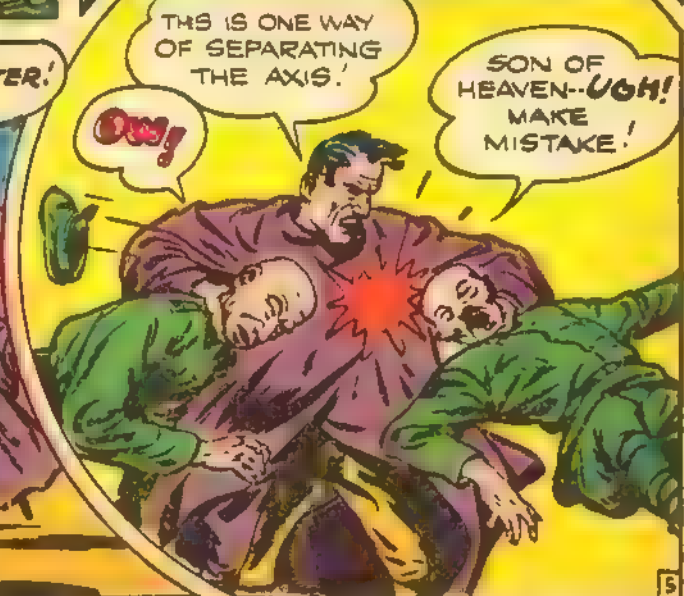
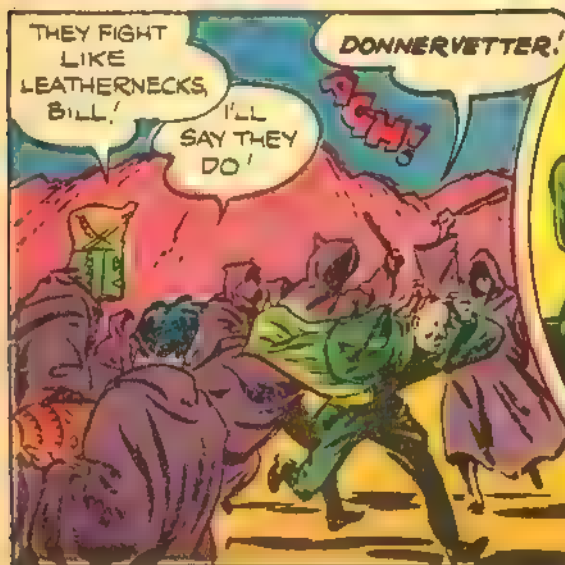
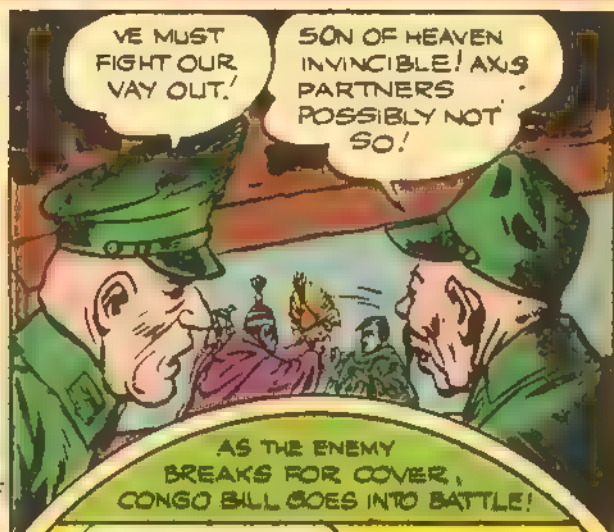
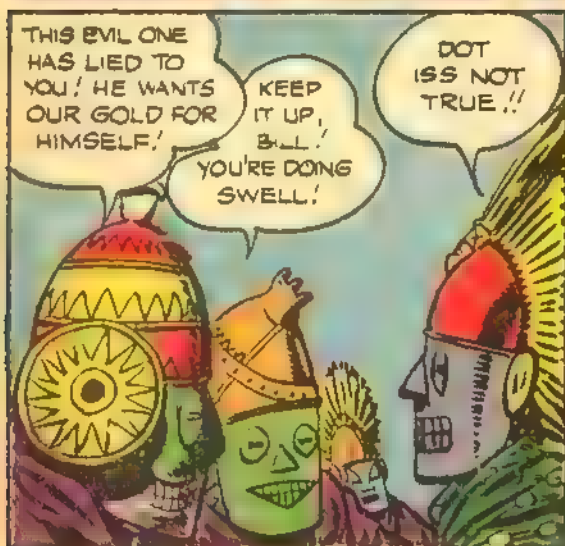
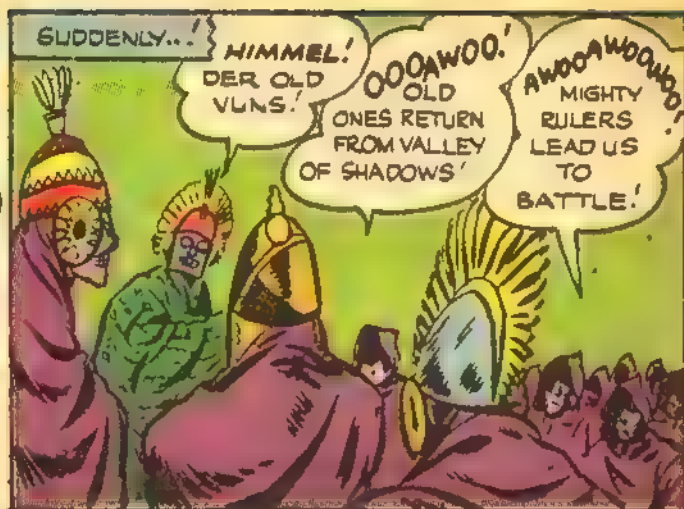
OLD
ONES
ALL-
POWERFUL!

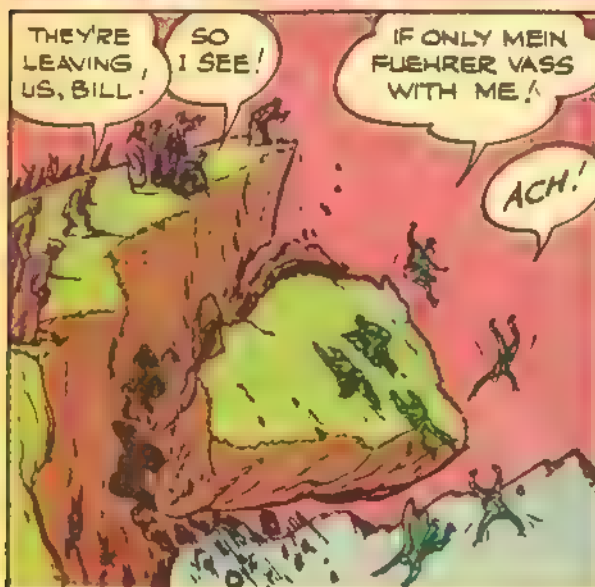
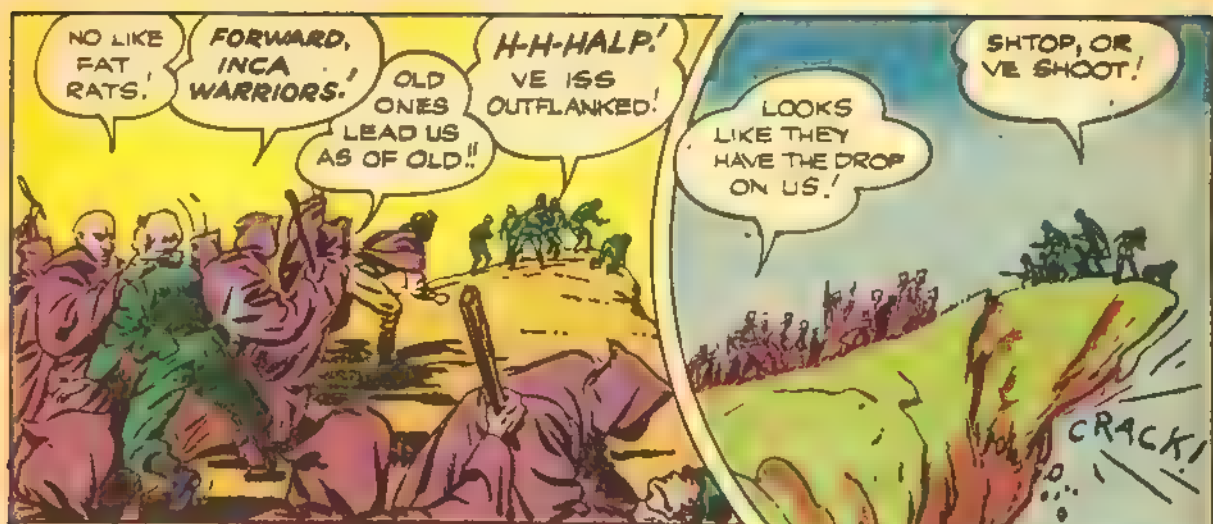


DOSE FOOLS
BRING US
DER GOLD!
TOMORROW
VE VILL VUNCE
MORE BE AT
SEA!

THE EMPEROR
WILL BE PLEASED
AND SO WILL--
HEE-HEE--
YOUR
FUEHRER!

NOW I VILL
VUNCE MORE
SPEAK TO DEM
IN DERE NATIVE
TONGUE!





• NOW ON SALE •



GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK,

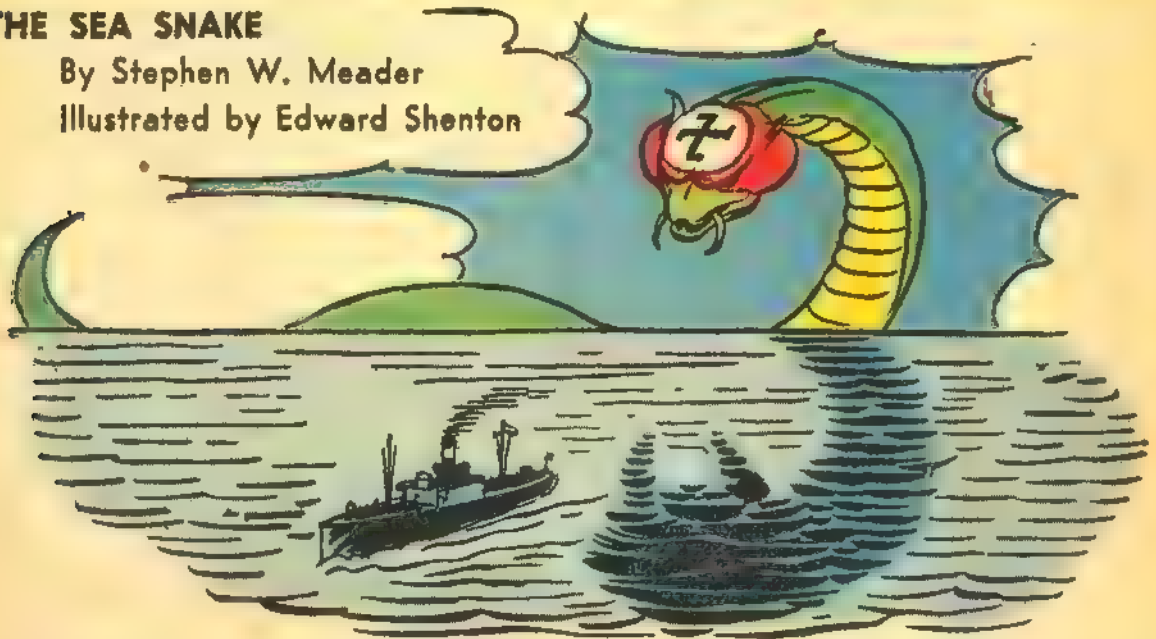
Director of Children's Reading,

CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

THE SEA SNAKE

By Stephen W. Meader

Illustrated by Edward Shenton



This is a thrilling story of submarines and Nazi treachery in the Battle of the Atlantic. The Sea Snake was a German U-Boat which lived up to its name.

Young Barney Cannon faced more danger than he thought when he set out in his little fishing dory to make a quiet investigation along his native shore of North Carolina. He had long suspected that all was not what it appeared to be at "Caldee Castle"—the fishing lodge of a supposedly norther sportsman. And he was right.

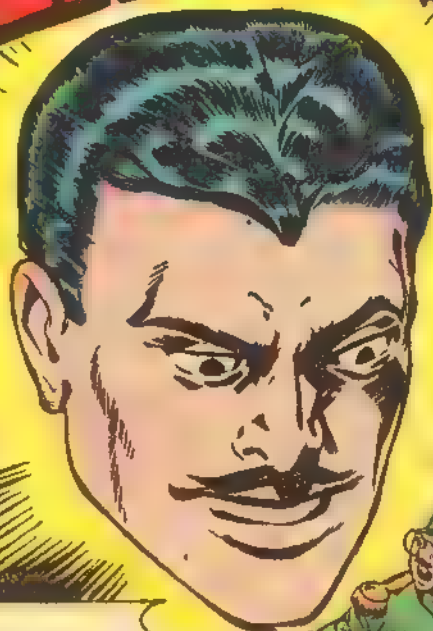
But the Nazi agents who supplied their U-boats under cover of Caldee were on the alert for intruders, and Barney found himself suddenly bound and blindfolded and cast onto a launch which carried him to a U-boat waiting off shore. A prisoner on the U-boat, he was forced to look on as the treacherous sea-snake attacked unarmed ships and machine-gunned their helpless crews.

Barney's cleverness in not revealing that he understood German let him into important secrets about enemy submarine fuels and a camouflaged fueling base on an island off the Bahamas. When finally his chance came for escape, he carried these secrets with him. How he reached the American shore and guided an air and naval force to the hidden German base makes an exciting ending to a story full of action.

This is a new book by the author of many other favorites. Ask your librarian for it.

AMERICOMMANDO

by BERNARD
BAILY, Jr.

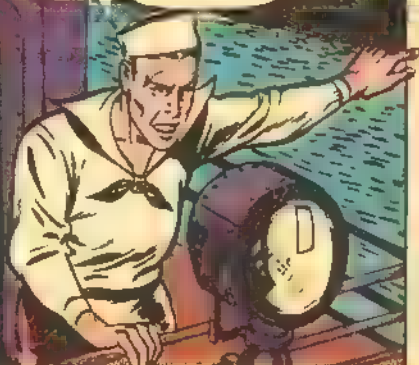


IN WAR, A RASH ACT
CAN BE ALMOST AS DIS-
ASTROUS AS TREASON!
SO WHEN A RAGGED AND
HUNGRY BAND OF COURAGEOUS
MARINES ARE PLACED IN DEADLY
PERIL BY **AMERICOMMANDO**,
THE SPARKS OF DYNAMIC ADVENT-
URE BEGIN TO FLASH DANGEROUSLY!
FOR AMERICOMMANDO IS FORCED TO
MAKE THE MOST IMPORTANT DE-
CISION OF HIS LIFE WHEN HE CHOOSES...
"BETWEEN DISHONOR AND DEATH!"

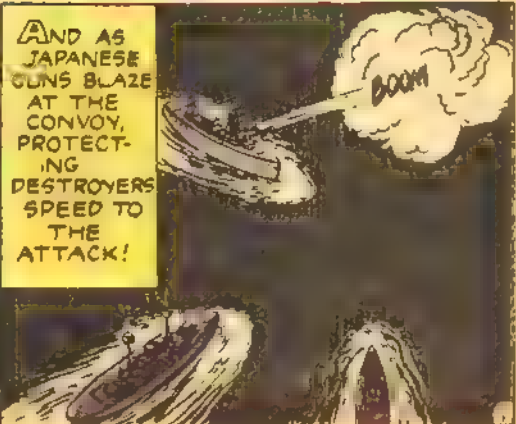


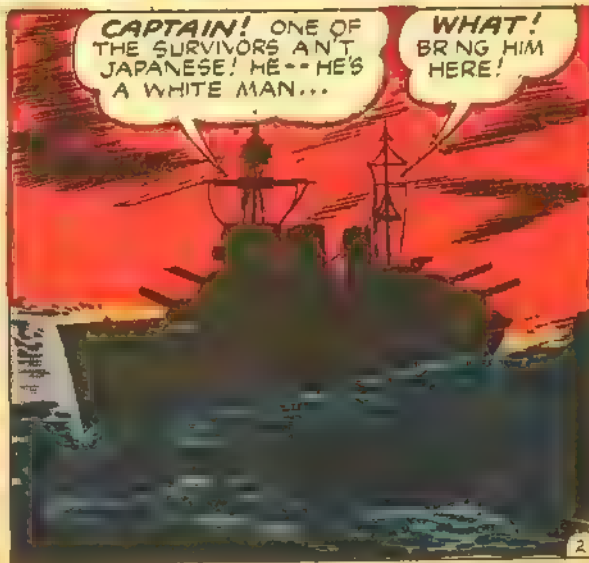
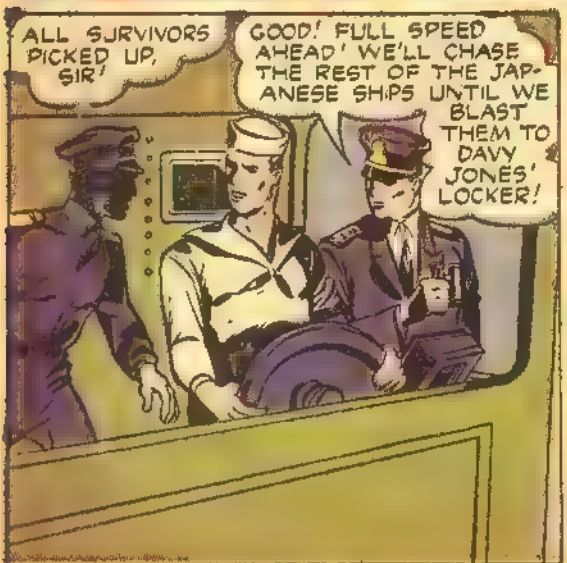
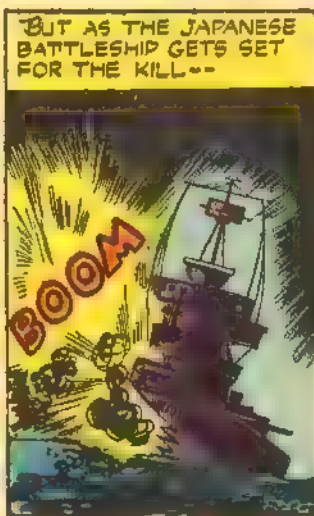
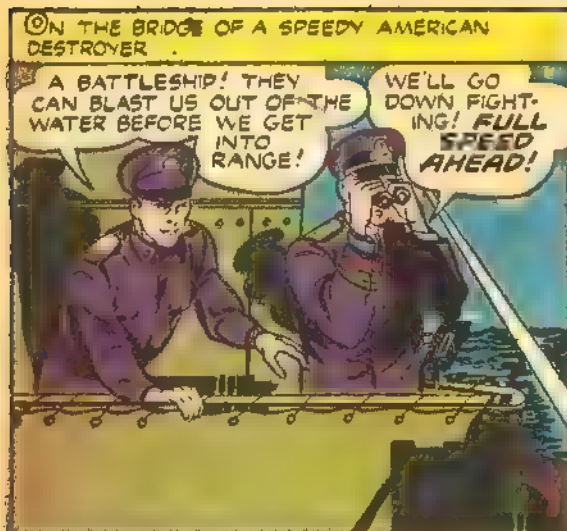
**JAPANESE WARSHIPS
AHEAD!**

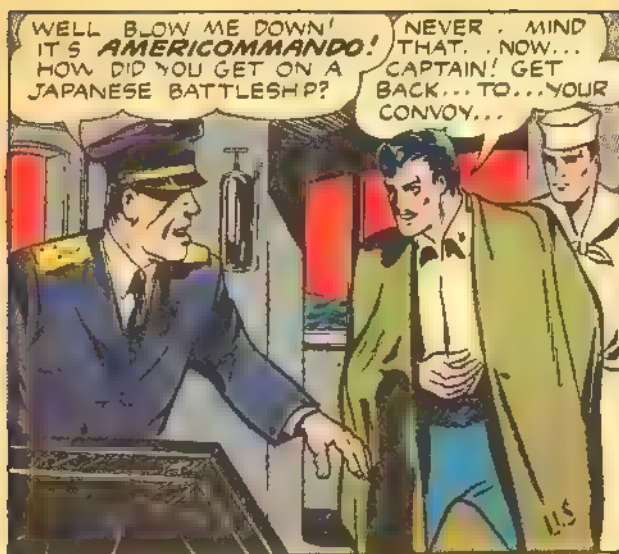
A CONVOY
CARRYING
MEN AND
MUNITIONS
PLOWS
THROUGH
THE SOUTH
PACIFIC,
WHEN
SUDDENLY--



**AND AS
JAPANESE
GUNS BLAZE
AT THE
CONVOY,
PROTECT-
ING
DESTROYERS
SPEED TO
THE
ATTACK!**

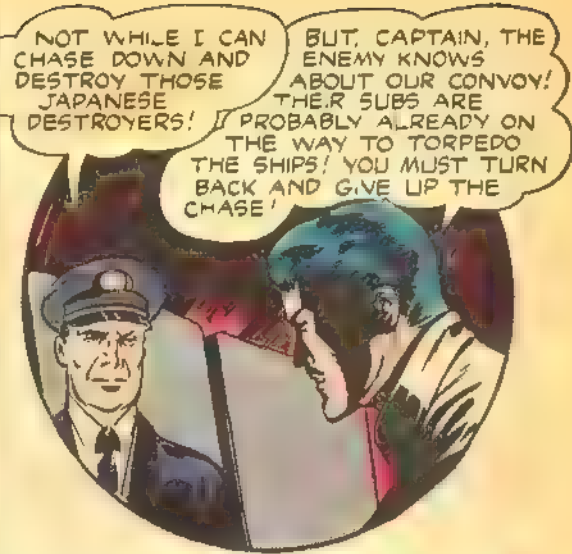






WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
IT'S **AMERICOMMANDO!**
HOW DID YOU GET ON A
JAPANESE BATTLESHIP?

NEVER. MIND
THAT. NOW...
CAPTAIN! GET
BACK... TO... YOUR
CONVOY...

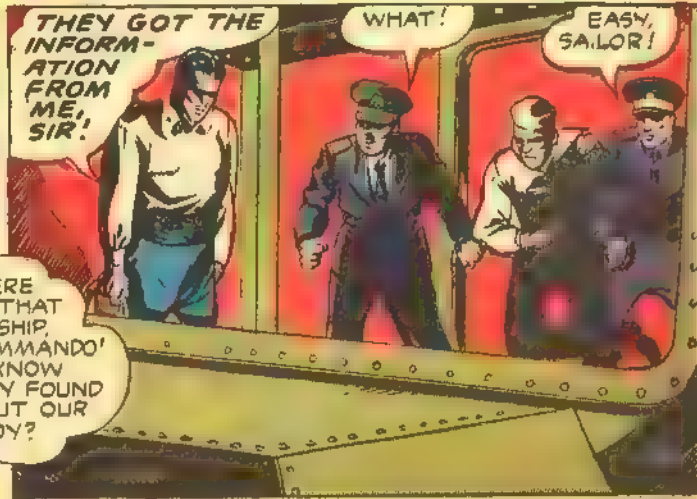


NOT WHILE I CAN
CHASE DOWN AND
DESTROY THOSE
JAPANESE
DESTROYERS!

BUT, CAPTAIN, THE
ENEMY KNOWS
ABOUT OUR CONVOY!
THEIR SUBS ARE
PROBABLY ALREADY ON
THE WAY TO TORPEDO
THE SHIPS! YOU MUST TURN
BACK AND GIVE UP THE
CHASE!



YOU WERE
ABOARD THAT
BATTLESHIP,
AMERICOMMANDO!
DO YOU KNOW
HOW THEY FOUND
OUT ABOUT OUR
CONVOY?



THEY GOT THE
INFORM-
ATION
FROM
ME, SIR!

WHAT!

EASY,
SAILOR!



DO YOU REALIZE,
AMERICOMMANDO,
THAT AS CAPTAIN ON
THE HIGH SEAS I CAN
HAVE YOU SHOT,
AFTER WHAT YOU'VE
JUST ADMITTED?

YES, S.R! BUT IF
I CAN CON-
VINCE YOU TO
TURN BACK AND
PROTECT THE
CONVOY--IT'LL
BE WORTH IT!

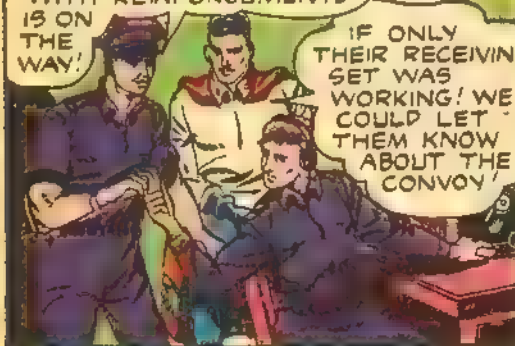


YOU'RE NO LONGER
TO BE TRUSTED,
AMERICOMMANDO!
I'LL HEAR YOUR
STORY BEFORE I
CHANGE
COURSE

I WAS AT BASE HEAD-
QUARTERS WHEN WE
RECEIVED A
MESSAGE FROM THE
MARINES
HOLDING THE
ISLAND WHERE
YOUR CONVOY'S
BOUND...

THE MARINES HAD BEEN HEAVILY SHELL-ED BY THE JAPANESE...THEIR RADIO SMASHED... BUT THEY MANAGED TO SEND OUT A WEAK MESSAGE...

THEY'VE BEEN WITHOUT FOOD FOR TWO DAYS AND NOW THEIR AMMUNITION IS RUNNING OUT! A CONVOY WITH REINFORCEMENTS IS ON THE WAY!



IF ONLY THEIR RECEIVING SET WAS WORKING! WE COULD LET THEM KNOW ABOUT THE CONVOY!

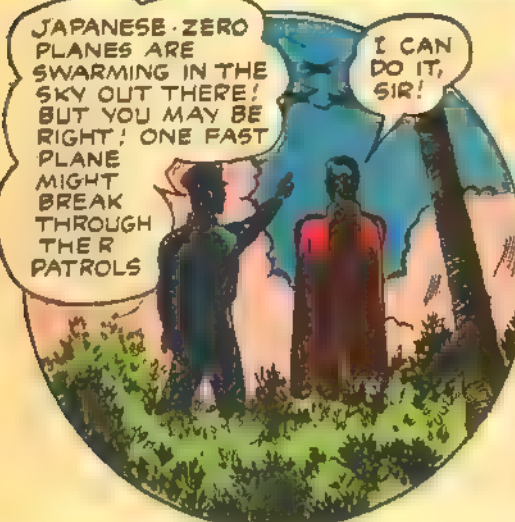
JUST AS I FEARED! THEY ARE PRE-PARING TO GIVE UP THE BEACH-HEAD AND RETREAT INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND!



THEY MUST HANG ON TO THE BEACH-HEAD! OTHERWISE THE CONVOY WON'T BE ABLE TO UN-LOAD! IF WE COULD ONLY GET A MESSAGE THROUGH TO THEM!



GIVE ME A FIGHTER PLANE, SIR, AND I'LL GET THROUGH!



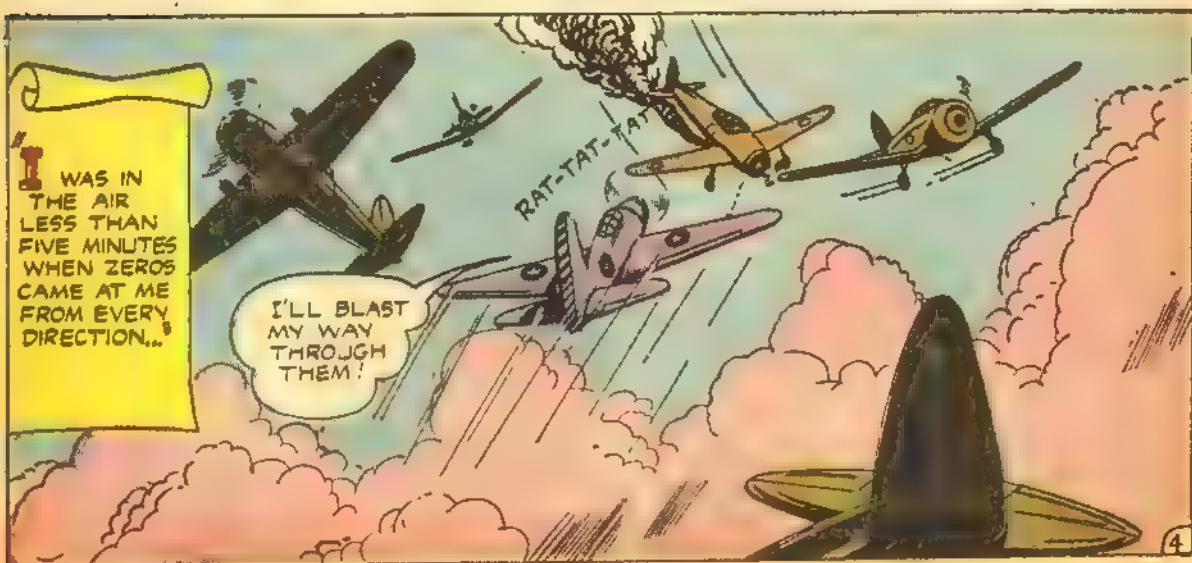
JAPANESE ZERO PLANES ARE SWARMING IN THE SKY OUT THERE! BUT YOU MAY BE RIGHT! ONE FAST PLANE MIGHT BREAK THROUGH THE PATROLS

I CAN DO IT, SIR!



THIS ORDER MUST GET TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER ON THE ISLAND! IT TELLS HIM THE CONVOY IS COMING AND TO HOLD OUT ON THE BEACH...

I'LL GET IT TO HIM, SIR!

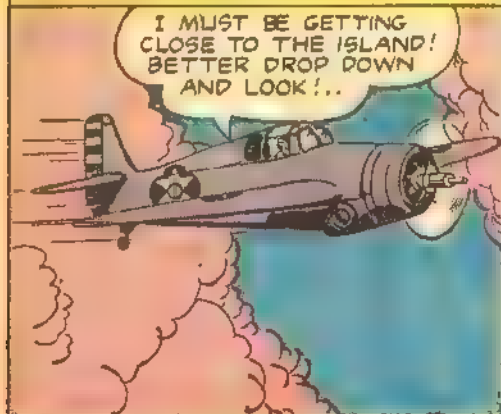


I WAS IN THE AIR LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES WHEN ZEROS CAME AT ME FROM EVERY DIRECTION...

I'LL BLAST MY WAY THROUGH THEM!

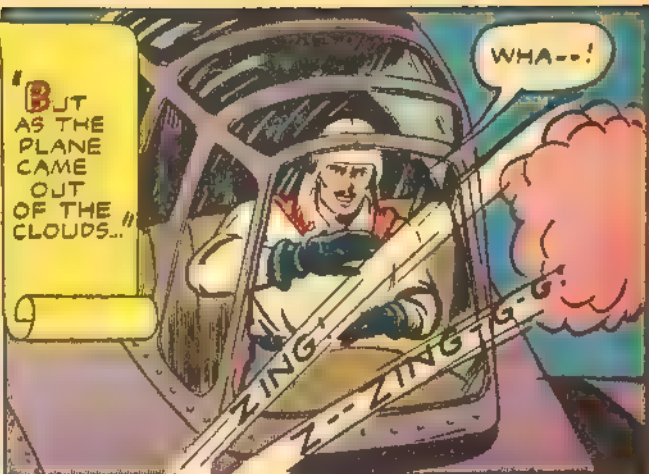
RAT-TAT-TAT

"FLYING THROUGH CLOUDS, I LEFT THE ZEROS BEHIND..."

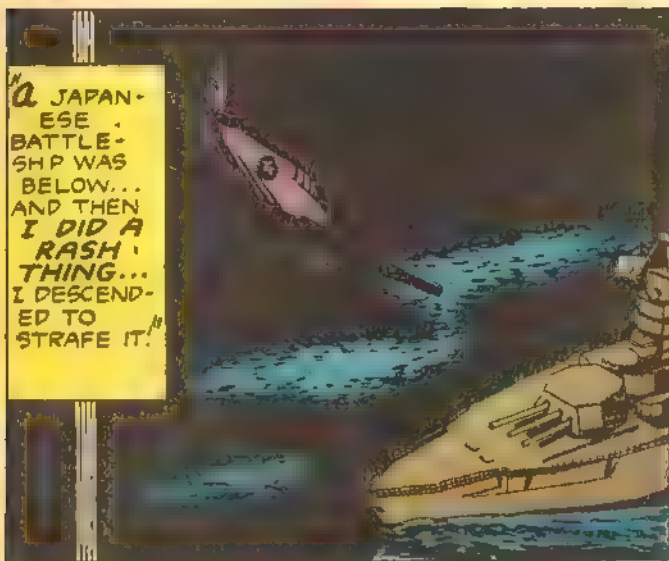


I MUST BE GETTING CLOSE TO THE ISLAND! BETTER DROP DOWN AND LOOK!...

"BUT AS THE PLANE CAME OUT OF THE CLOUDS..."

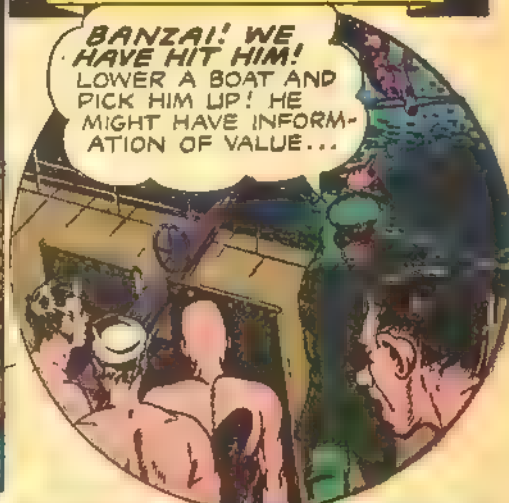


WHA--!



"A JAPANESE BATTLESHIP WAS BELOW... AND THEN I DID A RASH THING... I DESCENDED TO STRAFE IT."

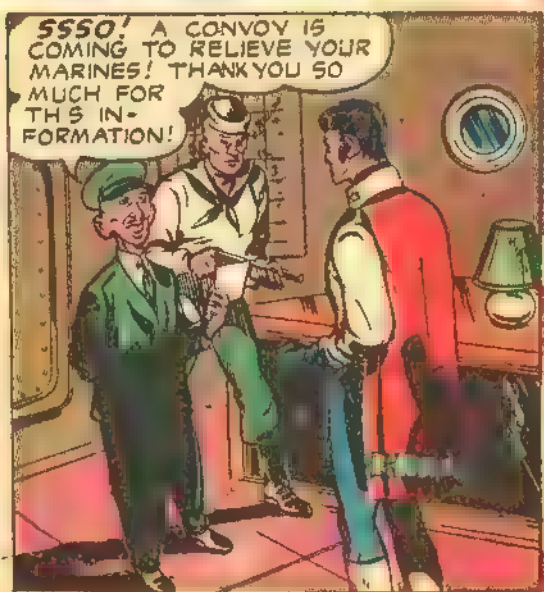
"BUT THEIR ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS REPLIED, AND..."



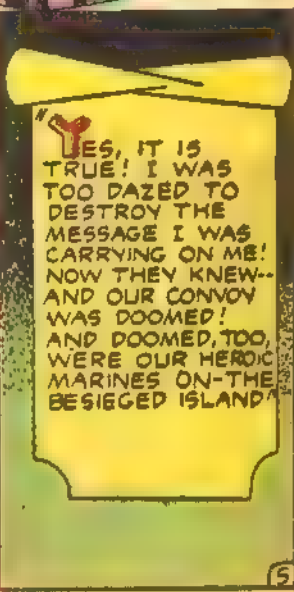
BANZAI! WE HAVE HIT HIM! LOWER A BOAT AND PICK HIM UP! HE MIGHT HAVE INFORMATION OF VALUE...



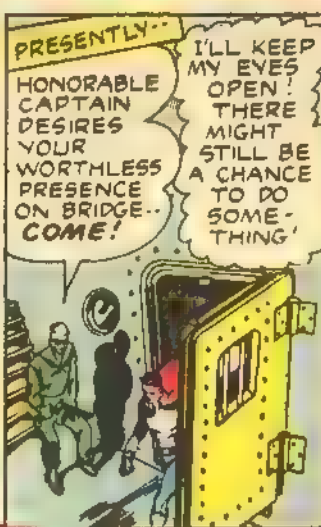
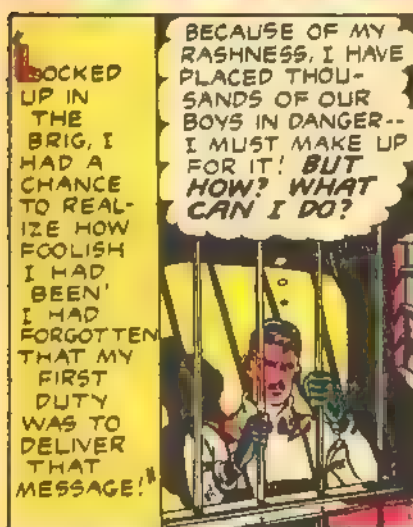
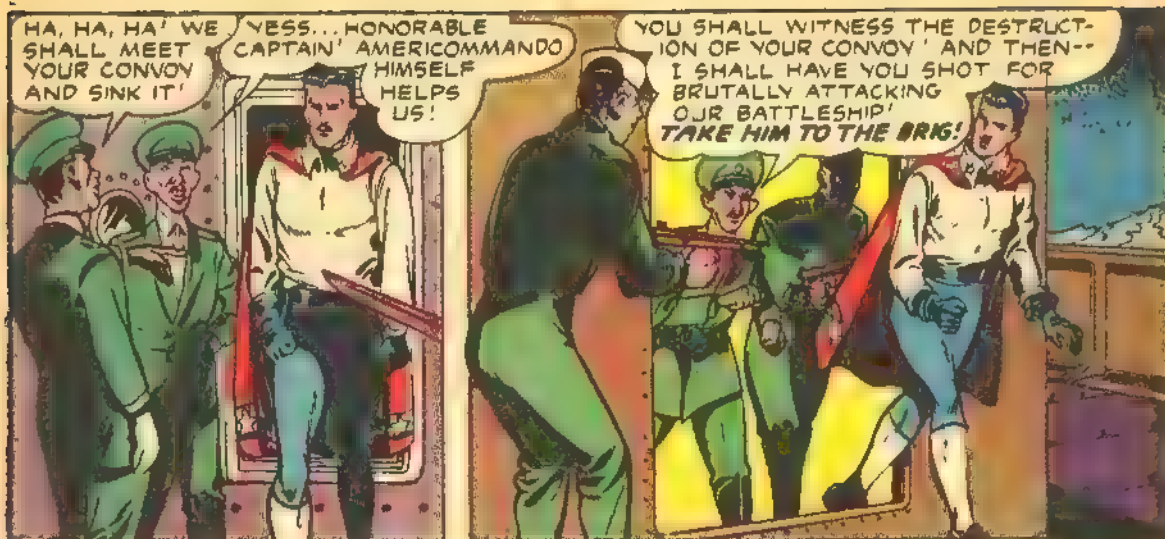
HE IS STILL ALIVE, HONORABLE OFFICER!

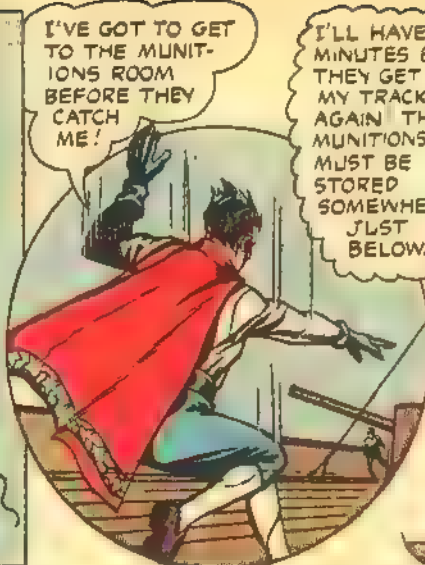
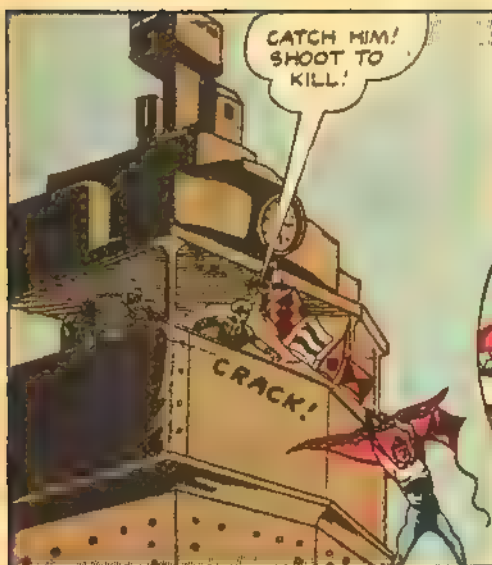


SSSSO! A CONVOY IS COMING TO RELIEVE YOUR MARINES! THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR THIS INFORMATION!

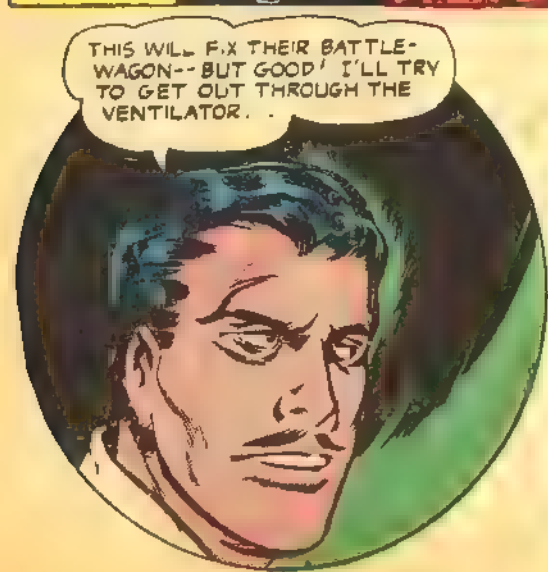


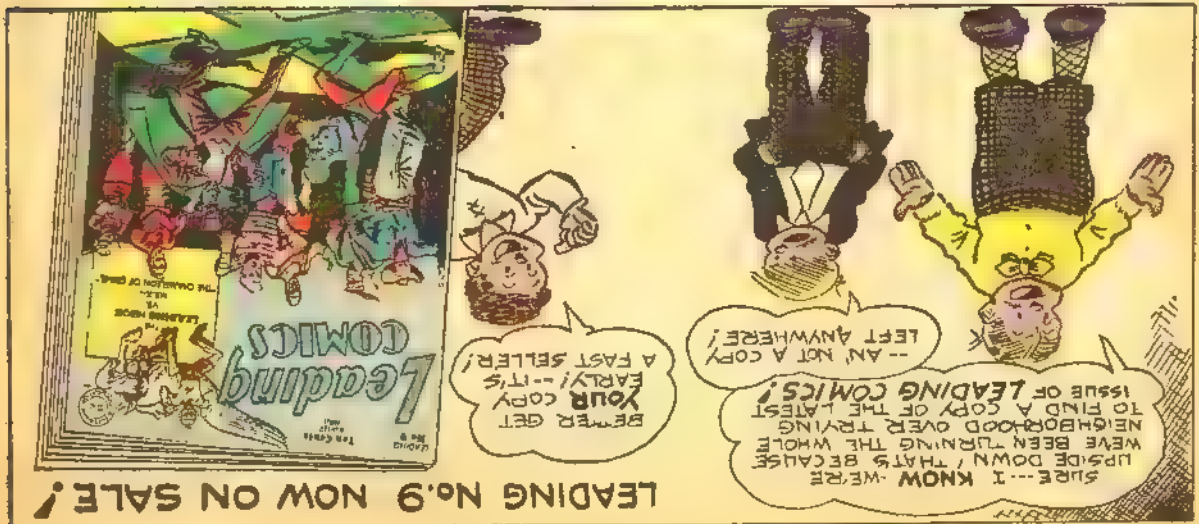
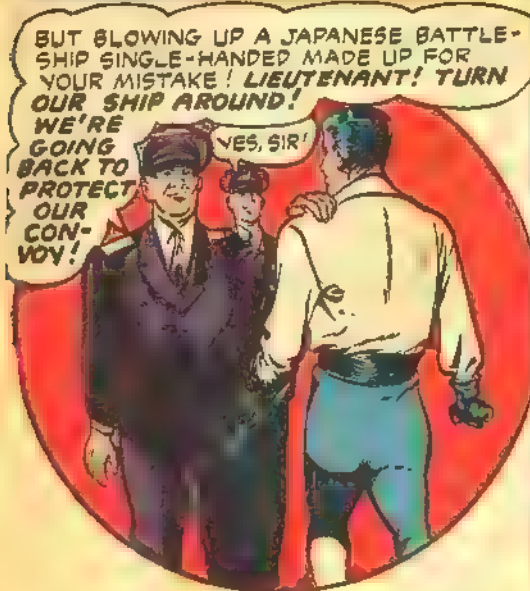
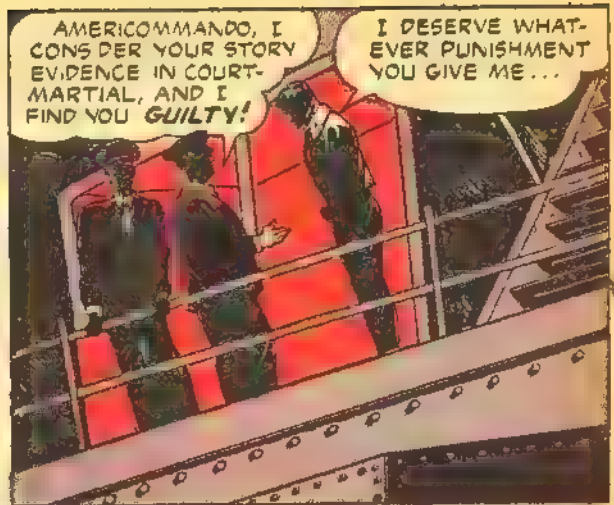
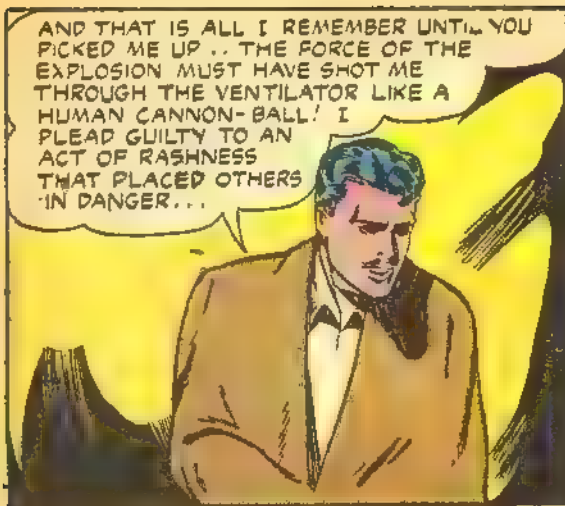
YES, IT IS TRUE! I WAS TOO DAZED TO DESTROY THE MESSAGE I WAS CARRYING ON ME! NOW THEY KNEW-- AND OUR CONVOY WAS DOOMED! AND DOOMED, TOO, WERE OUR HEROIC MARINES ON-THE BESIEGED ISLAND!





"I FOUND THE MUNITIONS STORE-ROOM AND SLIPPED INSIDE..."





BIKE-LOGY

NEW WORLD'S RECORD -

JOHN S. PRICE, RIDING A
ROYAL MAIL SET A
NEW WORLD'S RECORD
FOR BICYCLES IN 1884
HE COVERED ONE MILE
IN THE THEN UN-
BELIEVABLE TIME
OF 2 MINUTES AND
39 SECONDS TODAY'S
RECORD FOR THE
DISTANCE IS
33 SECONDS

TRADE MARK OF
THE BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

STOPPING BY HAND.
TIMBERLAKES RATCHET BRAKE
A FAR CRY FROM TODAY'S
PRECISION BUILT
COASTER BRAKE MORROW-
ATED BY HAND WAS OPER-
ARRANGEMENT A RATCHET
FRONT WHEEL PERMITTED
GRADUAL STOPPING

IVORY HANDLES

HANDLES OF IVORY
THOUGH VERY EX-
PENSIVE WERE IN
RATHER COMMON USE
AT ONE TIME UNLIKE
WOODEN ONES THEY
DIDN'T BLISTER THE HANDS

THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE-
HAS BEEN KNOWN FOR ITS EASY PEDALING,
FREE COASTING, AND SMOOTH BRAKING SINCE
THE EARLIEST DAYS OF BICYCLING. TODAY, AS AN
IMPORTANT MEMBER OF **THE INVISIBLE CREW**,
IT IS SERVING A VITAL PURPOSE ON MANY
BATTLEFRONTS, AS WELL AS THE HOMEFRONT.

THE INVISIBLE CRIM
Particulars
Expenditures
Bendix
Aviation Corporation
ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

LAFFS

IT FITS PERFECTLY.
WILL YOU WEAR IT HOME
OR SHALL I WRAP IT UP
?

**COSTUMES
FOR
HIRE**

I GOT HUNGRY WHILE I
WAS PAINTING IT !

IF I TAKE THE APARTMENT WILL
YOU HAVE A SHADE PUT ON THAT
LAMP?

DOUBLE TWIST

by Tom Trent

LOOKING back at the way things had gone, Fingers Berz thought how fantastic the whole idea was. Yet, it was because of just that, he had been able to put it across. No one would have believed it, and not even a fiction writer could have made it believable. Fingers, working on the lathe, cocked an eye at the clock, and smiled. Tonight, the Faynesville Bank would be minus an awful lot of money.

And then this whole farce would be over. Six months of self-discipline, of torture; but it was going to be worth it. A buzzer sounded. It was midnight and the other shift was coming on in the defense plant.

"H'ya, Seldin." Fingers' relief greeted him.

"Fine, Charlie. How's the wife?" Fingers asked solicitously.

"Getting better, thanks, Eddie. How's your sister?"

"Not so good." Fingers shook his head. "The medics don't give her much hope."

"Gosh, I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do?"

"Thanks." Fingers smiled. "You boys are swell."

Charlie Walters was embarrassed. "Well, I better get one of the boys, Eddie." He stopped. "Well, I better get to work. Goodnight, Eddie."

"Goodnight." Smiling to himself, Fingers picked up his lunch box. It had been like this for six months now. They all knew him as Eddie Seldin. There wasn't a person in this defense area knew he was Fingers Gerz, the safe cracker. They didn't know that he was wearing a black wig, and a false black mustache.

They would have thought it

fantastic. They wouldn't have believed it, anymore than they would have believed the rest, had they known it.

And the real was very interesting. For instance, not a soul knew that each night, promptly at one a.m., for six months, Fingers Gerz stole out of his room in Mrs. Murphy's boarding house and, minus mustache and wig, caught the train into Big Town, a hundred miles away, where he assumed his real identity. To the racket boys and to the cops, he was Fingers Gerz and still around town.

But he always came back here to Faynesville in time to steal back into his room and be there when Mrs. Murphy knocked at eleven-fifteen. And in six months she had never entered his room, nor had the routine varied. Always, he had managed to steal back into the place.

But tonight all that would be over. Within three hours he would have cracked the bank, loaded the money into a valise, and be back in his room, this time sleeping the sleep of the unjust.

And getting away would be easy. Just today, he had wired Al Weasel in Nogales to send the last of the letters purportedly from his Fingers' sister. Poor sister—which Fingers, by the way, didn't have—would be at Heath's door and his presence would be urgently requested.

That would establish a wonderful alibi for one Eddie Seldin. After which, Mr. Seldin would vanish and nobody would ever think of looking for him.

Fingers, smiling to himself, entered the house. He could tell by Mrs. Murphy's face that another letter had arrived. Mrs.

Murphy was plenty worried about Sister Seldin. "There . . . there's another letter for you, Mr. Seldin," she said, her homey face filled with pity. "It arrived a little after you went to work."

Fingers went through the motions of reading. Then, his body trembled. He looked into Mrs. Murphy's pitying eyes. "It's . . . it's the end, I'm afraid," he said. "I'll . . . I'll have to go there tomorrow on the first train out." He rubbed his hands across his eyes. "I—I—" He choked up.

"What did you say, Mrs. Murphy?"

"Nothing." She was biting her lip. Fingers thought, "Heavens, she's going to cry. That's all I need."

But he didn't. Resolutely, she stuffed her hand back into her apron pocket. "You just get some good rest tonight, Mr. Seldin," she said. "I'll have a nice breakfast for you in the morning."

Fingers sighed with relief, made his way slowly up the stairs, as though a great tragedy were weighing on his mind. In his room, he became a changed man.

He brought the nitro out from its hiding place. Into his pocket he slipped a blackjack and gun. He didn't figure on using, either; but he always allowed for eventualities. That's why he had been so careful in this dual role to watch everything, including going to church, chipping in for employee funds, even going so far as to register here again for the draft.

It had been well worth all the risk. Packing his burglar tools, his mind went over what he had been through. And his lips said: "Fantastic." And yet that had been his whole career. Funny,

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Neptune No. 7)

FVBY IVUKZ HUK ZAHTWZ IBF AHURZ,
NBUZ HUK WSHULZ ULLKLK MVY CPJ-
AVYFI

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how he had gotten a lot of tips just from letting his imagination run riot. He was a guy who did the unbelievable, just as his favorite writer Poe, used to do with a pen.

Only there wasn't an author around who could dream up a plot like this, Fingers firmly believed.

Think of it, a man with two lives, and living them both without conflict, without detection. Now, one of those men, Eddie Seldin, would crack a bank. Then he would disappear and another man, Fingers Gerz, would live on the proceeds. No one would look for Eddie Seldin, no one would suspect Fingers Gerz who had been seen around his old haunts for months on end.

They say a busy man is a happy man, so Fingers must have been included in this. He certainly was happy as he worked at the safe in the Faynesville Bank. Luck was playing with him. The bank had no night watchman. It had never been robbed in its thirty years of existence, and there was nothing in this sleepy, but busy, little town, to make the bank directors think it would be.

So Fingers worked undetected and free from suspicion, just as he had planned. The safe was cracked and thousands of dollars in bills and War Savings Stamps were placed in Fingers' valise. And, without anyone being the wiser, Fingers left the bank and returned to his room.

He slept well, too.

In fact, when Mrs. Murphy knocked, to waken him at 6:30 a.m. as he had requested, he

felt better than he had in a long time. Those gruelling two hundred miles of travelling had taken a lot out of him, he realized now, answering: "Getting right up, Mrs. Murphy. Thank you."

He started to whistle, then stopped, remembering that he was supposed to be burdened with a great sorrow. He was burdened all right, but not with a sorrow. It was with a valise with hard cash and very negotiable stamps.

He dressed rapidly, packed another bag with his things. Within thirty minutes, he'd shake the dust of this place from his feet and be back in Big Town, a guy with a stake. Carefully, he put on his wig and mustache and went downstairs.

Mrs. Murphy was waiting in the dining room for him. They were alone. Fingers' eyes looked hungrily at the platter of bacon and eggs, the crisp, well-buttered toast waiting for him. He sure was going to tuck that under his belt he told himself.

But still, he musn't forget his sorrow. His face assumed a lugubrious expression and Mrs. Murphy's still bore the same, sympathetic facade. But now, as Fingers looked at her, he saw something else in her eyes. He knew he couldn't be mistaken. He knew human nature too well, having lived on both sides of the fence.

"You were right, Mrs. Murphy," he said, fencing for an opening. What was on her mind? "I feel much better this morning. Sleep is a wonderful thing."

"Oh, I'm so glad," Mrs. Murphy's plain face was

fused with relief, "I—I—didn't know whether you'd be angry. But, . . ." Her lips set. "Just the same, Angela Murphy, I told myself, you're not going to add tonight to that nice Mr. Seldin's woes. You are going to wait until morning."

Fingers looked at her bewildered. She was talking to herself! The dame was screwy. He had always figured there was something batty about her, but this . . . this? "What is it, Mrs. Murphy?" he asked.

"This, Mr. Seldin." She took out a folded envelope from her apron. "It came the same time as your bad news, but I thought I'd better not give it to you until morning." Sympathetically, she added, "We've lost so many of our nice men, here. And I knew your job wasn't an essential one and . . ."

Fingers wasn't listening to her now. His hands had torn open the envelope and now his unbelieving staring eyes were reading:

"Greetings!"

And reading on.

And Mrs. Murphy said: "It's from the draft board. I guess you'll have to go, Mr. Seldin. But I'm sure they'll defer you for a little. . . . Why, what's the matter, Mr. Seldin?"

Fingers' brain was spinning like a colored, penny top. "You are notified to appear for induction. . . ."

"Today." And they'd find him, he knew it. You didn't escape from the FBI. No one ever did.

"It's . . . it's . . . unbelievable," Fingers whitened lips moved. "It's . . . it's . . ."

"Fantastic?" Mrs. Murphy suggested, hopefully.

ZATARA

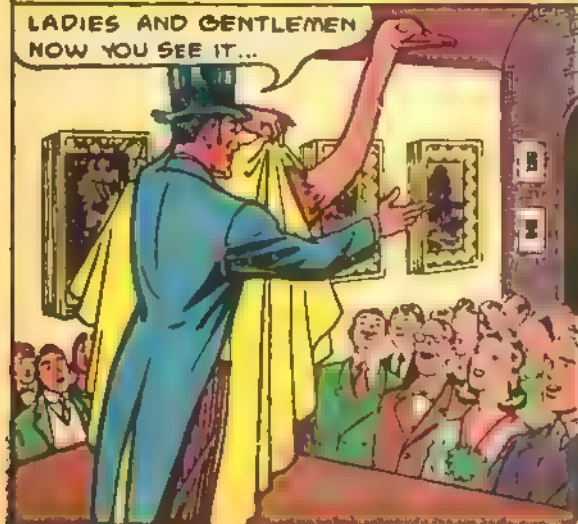
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A PORTRAIT WALKING? WOULDN'T YOU BE AMAZED TO SEE THE PAINTED PEOPLE POPPING OUT OF THE CANVASES IN AN ART MUSEUM? IF YOU EVER DO... LOOK AROUND FOR THE TOP-HAT OF THE MAN OF MARVELOUS MAGIC! FOR ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE WHEN ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN, COPEs WITH CLEVER CROOKS WHO HOPE TO MAKE A PROFIT OUT OF PORTRAITS... ONLY TO GET CAUGHT IN THE MAZES OF THE MYSTERY OF "THE PICTURES THAT WALKED"



ZATARA'S MAGIC HELPS TO SELL WAR BONDS AT THE CITY ART MUSEUM RALLY.

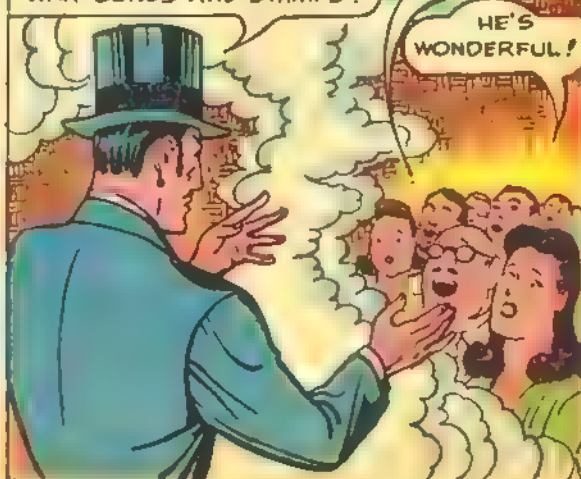
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
NOW YOU SEE IT...



AND NOW YOU DON'T! SO...
MAKE THE AXIS MENACE
DISAPPEAR BY BUYING
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

THE
OSTRICH
IS GONE!

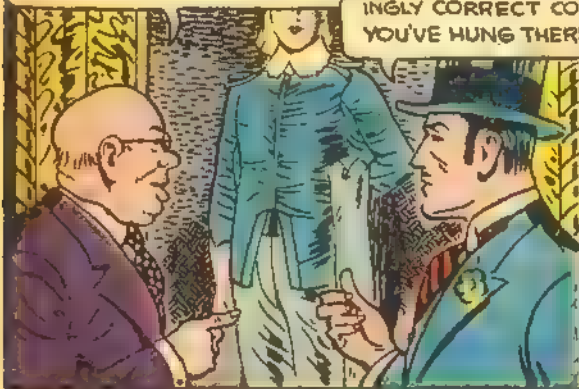
HE'S
WONDERFUL!



LATER... THE MUSEUM DIRECTOR THANKS THE MAN OF MAGIC...

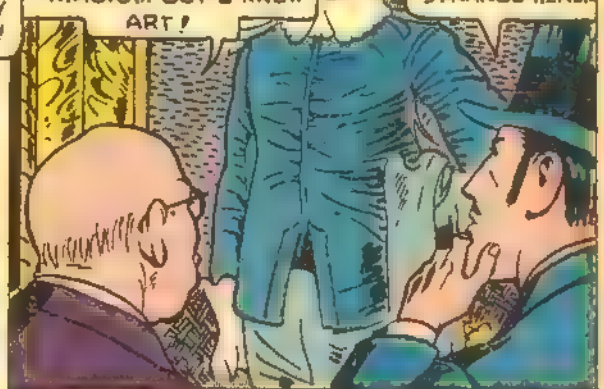
YOU'VE SOLD ENOUGH BONDS TO SINK THREE BATTLESHIPS! CONGRATULATIONS, ZATARA!

AND MINE, TO YOU, MR STANDISH! THAT'S AN AMAZINGLY CORRECT COPY YOU'VE HUNG THERE!

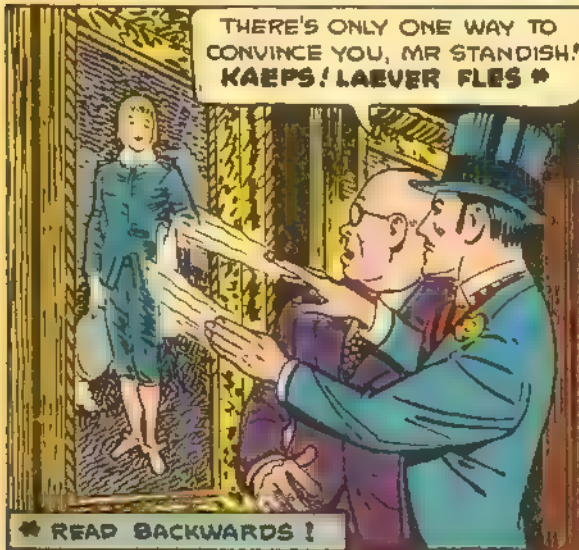


COPY? YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, ZATARA! THAT'S THE ORIGINAL... THE BLUE BOY OF GAINSBOROUGH! HA, HA! YOU KNOW MAGIC... BUT I KNOW ART!

HMMMM! SOMETHING STRANGE HERE.



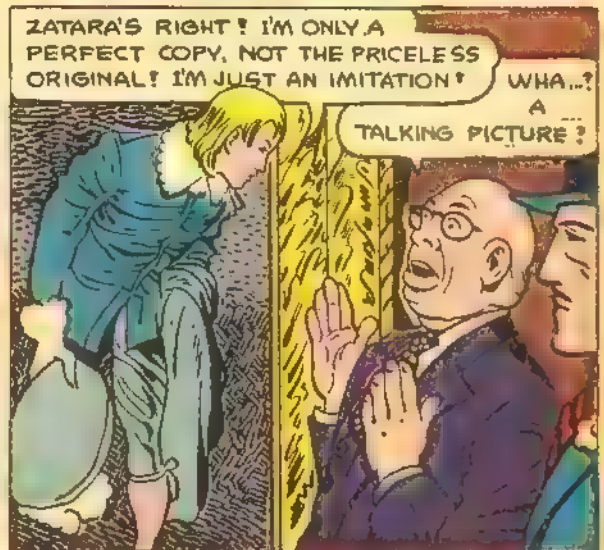
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO CONVINCE YOU, MR STANDISH! KAEPS! LAEVER FLES *



* READ BACKWARDS!

ZATARA'S RIGHT! I'M ONLY A PERFECT COPY, NOT THE PRICELESS ORIGINAL! I'M JUST AN IMITATION!

WHA...? A TALKING PICTURE?



THE MAGICIAN'S PIERCING EYES PICK OUT TWO SKULKING FIGURES!

BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE... A-HA! HOW COULD...

I THINK I CAN ANSWER SOME OF YOUR QUESTIONS! THE MAGIC IS MY OWN SECRET! WATCH!

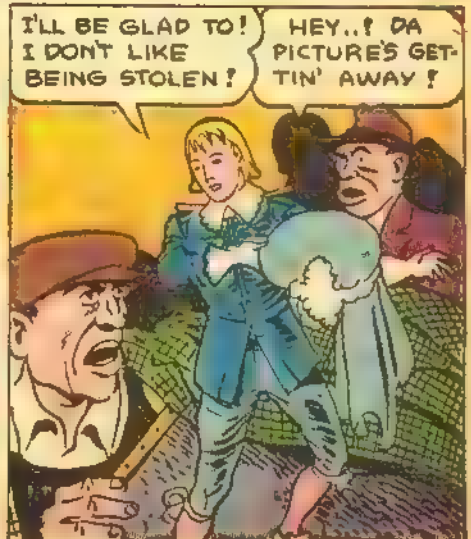


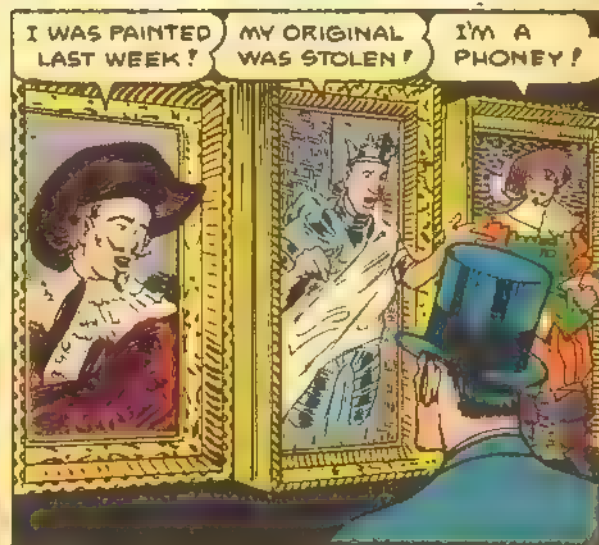
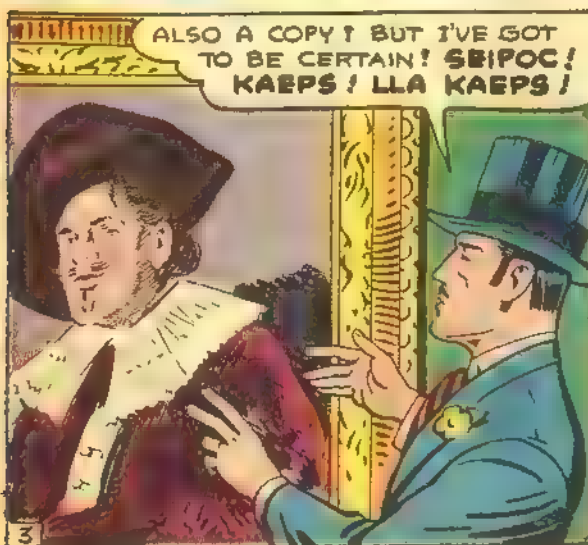
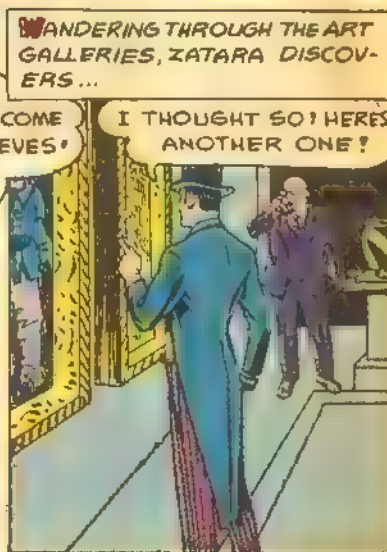
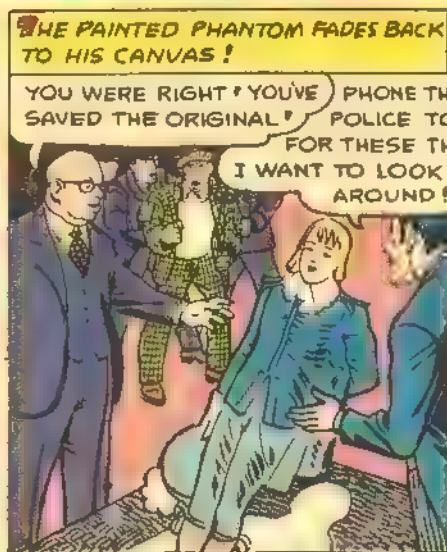
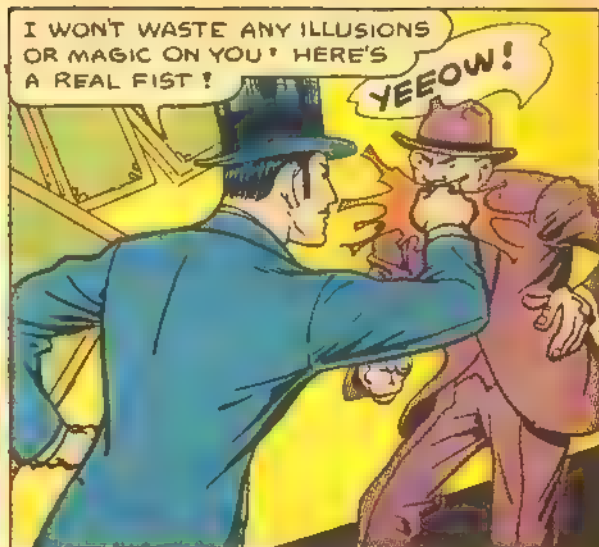
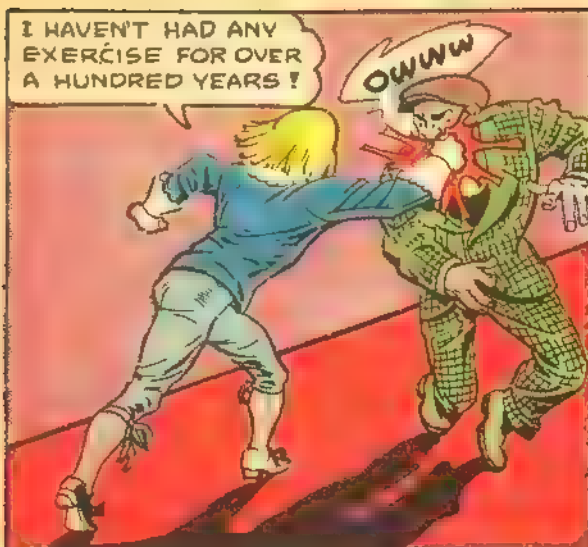
LAER EULB YOB! EMOC TUO! THGIF RUOY GROTPAC!



I'LL BE GLAD TO! I DON'T LIKE BEING STOLEN!

HEY...! DA PICTURE'S GET-TIN' AWAY!







RELEASE US, ZATARA!
WE'LL HELP YOU!

CAN YOUR
MAGIC MAKE
US WALK?



HMMM! LET'S SEE!
**SEIPOC EMOC
NWOOD! KLAU!**



I'M FREE NOW! I
WANT TO MEET
THE CROOKED
ARTIST WHO
PAINTED
ME!

THE ONE WHO
PAINTED ME HAD
A HABIT OF TALK-
ING TO HIMSELF...
I HEARD HIM MEN-
TION THE NAME OF
ARTON, SEVERAL TIMES...

HMM... ARTHUR ARTON,
THE FAMOUS COLLECTOR!
EMOC!



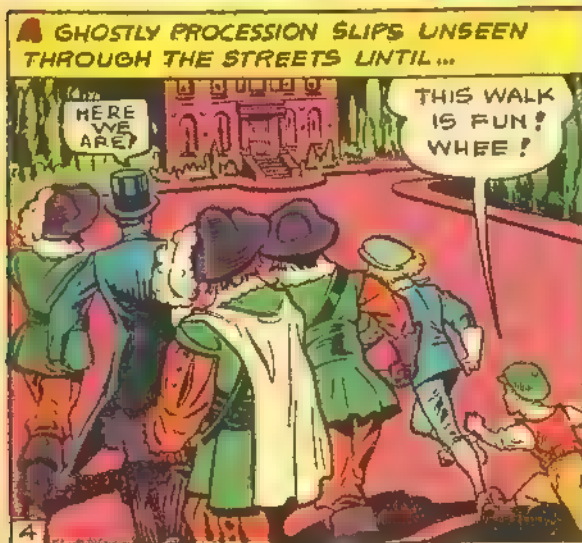
I'LL TAKE MY WEAPONS!

THIS SWORD
MAY COME IN
HANDY!



UNNOTICED, ANOTHER TINY TREASURE COMES
TO LIFE...

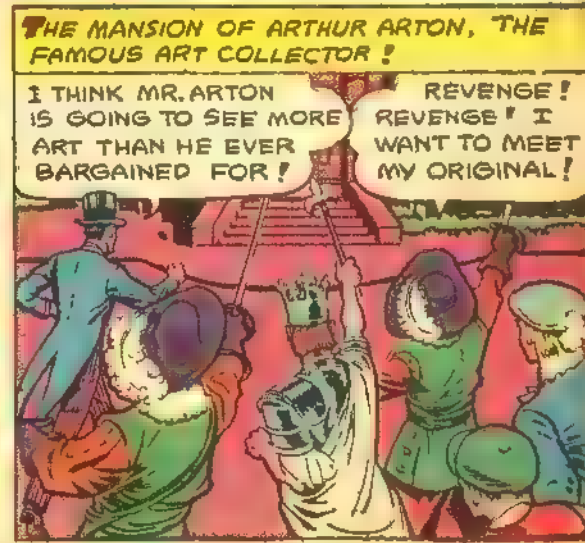
I'M ONLY A
LITTLE ETCHING
BUT I WANT TO
GO ALONG
TOO!



A GHOSTLY PROCESSION SLIPS UNSEEN
THROUGH THE STREETS UNTIL...

HERE
WE
ARE!

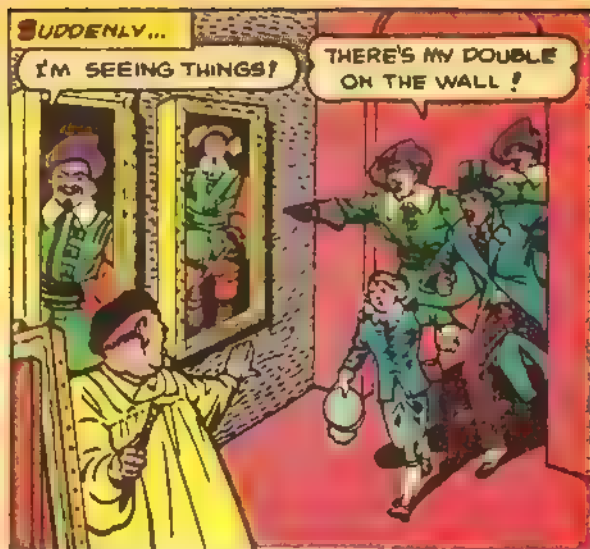
THIS WALK
IS FUN!
WHEE!



THE MANSION OF ARTHUR ARTON, THE
FAMOUS ART COLLECTOR!

I THINK MR. ARTON
IS GOING TO SEE MORE
ART THAN HE EVER
BARGAINED FOR!

REVENGE!
REVENGE! I
WANT TO MEET
MY ORIGINAL!



THE PAINT REMOVER INSTANTLY DISSOLVES THE PORTRAIT FIGURES!

HA, HA! MELT AWAY! MY PAINT IS GONE! HE'S TOO CLEVER FOR US!



AS ZATARA LIFTS HIS HANDS TO HELP... SNEAKING SERVANTS STEAL UP BEHIND!

IT'S TIME I TOOK A HAND IN THIS...



WE'VE GOT HIM, SIR!

HIS MAGIC HANDS AND EYES ARE POWERLESS IN THIS TIGHT SACK!



THERE! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM LATER!

GLUB! GLOB!

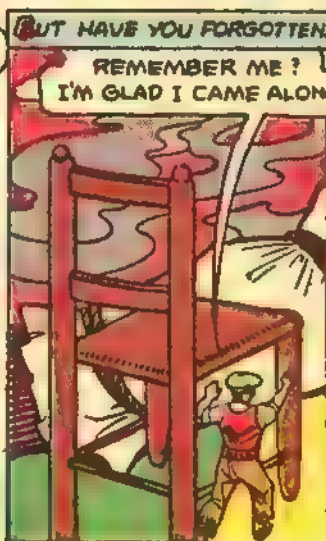


GOOD! NOW START PACKING THOSE PORTRAITS! ALL MY ART WORK! WE'RE GOING TO DISAPPEAR FROM THIS CITY! HA, HA! EVEN ZATARA CAN'T STOP ME NOW!

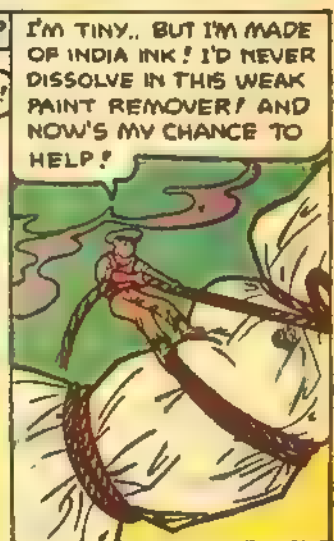


BUT HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN...?

REMEMBER ME? I'M GLAD I CAME ALONG!



I'M TINY.. BUT I'M MADE OF INDIA INK! I'D NEVER DISSOLVE IN THIS WEAK PAINT REMOVER! AND NOW'S MY CHANCE TO HELP!





JUST ONE MOMENT...AND YOU'LL BE FREE!



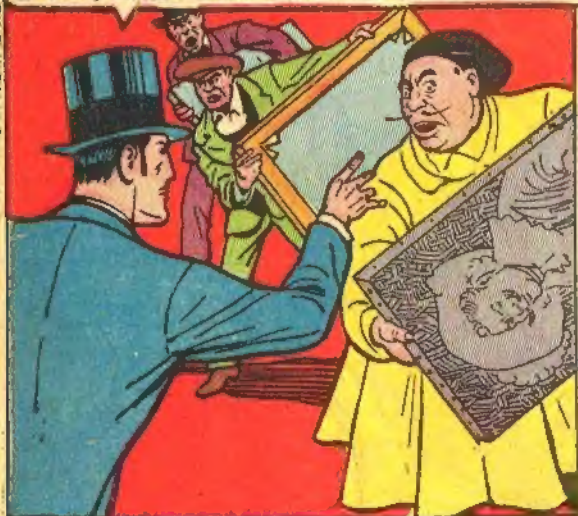
THANKS, LITTLE PAL! THAT'S NOTHING! YOUR POTENT POWERS RELEASED ME FROM MY FRAME IN THE ART GALLERY! SO THIS MAKES US EVEN!



THEY'RE PLANNING A GETAWAY WITH THOSE COSTLY PAINTINGS!

CAN...CAN YOU STOP THEM, ZATARA?

I CAN! LAER STIARTROP EB EVILA/ THOIF!



NOTHING CAN DISOBEY ZATARA'S MAGIC!



THOU'RT THE KNAVE WHO STOLE ME FROM MY MUSEUM!

OUCH! IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN!



WE REFUSE TO BE MOVED AGAIN, VARLETS!

WHA... WHAT'S GOING ON?



MINE AGE IS 200 OR MORE... BUT THANKS TO ZATARA, I'M NOT OLD AND WEAK NOW!

I'LL SAY! THAT'S A MODERN UPPERCUT!

MASTERED BY ZATARA'S EYES AND HANDS THE BATTLE IS SOON OVER!

WE OWE OUR STRENGTH TO YONDER MAGICIAN!

WOULD THAT I WERE AGAIN IN THE CITY MUSEUM FOR PEOPLE TO ADMIRE ME!



YRRAC SKOORC DNA SEMARF! KLAU!



BACK TO THE MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY...

THE MODERN POLICE WILL PUNISH THESE RECREANTS!

HEY! DON'T FORGET TO LET ME IN!



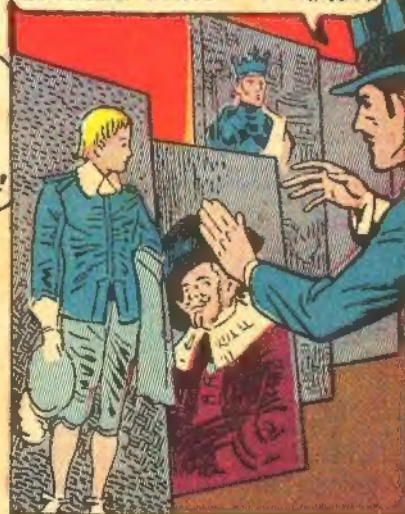
BEFORE THE ASTONISHED DIRECTOR, PRICELESS TREASURES MARCH BY!

IF ZATARA WERENT HERE... I'D SAY I WAS GOING CRAZY!

HERE ARE YOUR ART THIEVES!



EMOCEB SERUTCIP NIAGA!



ARTON HAD PERFECT COPIES PAINTED OF YOUR MASTERPIECES... AND THEN HIRED CLEVER YEGGS TO MAKE QUICK EXCHANGES OF CANVAS! BUT NOW YOU HAVE ALL YOUR ORIGINALS BACK!

I'LL BE RUBBING MY EYES FOR A WEEK!



AND ZATARA'S LITTLE FRIEND...

IT'S GOING TO BE BORING, NOW... JUST SITTING HERE IN THIS FRAME! BUT IT'S BEEN FUN... AND ZATARA'S COMMANDS MUST BE OBEYED!



FREE

with your order...



Foot stirrups, important for foot and leg development. FREE with order. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop a mighty torso.

NOW GET BURSTING STRENGTH fast!

Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead... get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

Get Bursting Strength Quickly

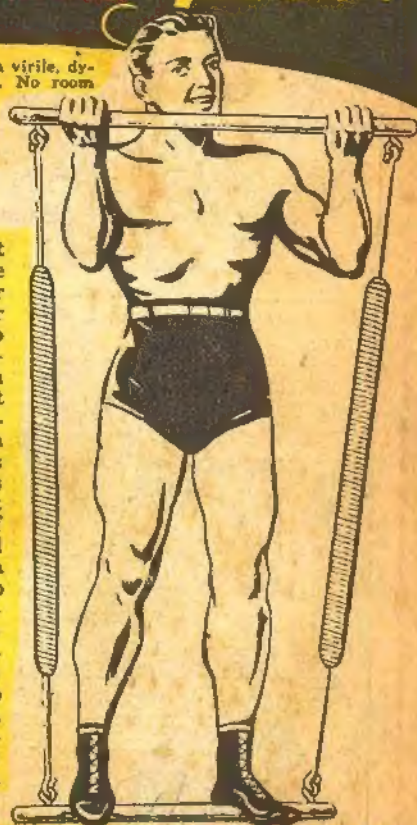
If you are a weakling or boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit just what you need. Contains dozens of individual features, all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet actual resistance of your strength and to increase power progressively as you build mighty muscles. Men who have reached the top in strong-man feats acclaim this progressive chest pull and bar bell combination. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out but strong tension springs. These springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. Included is a specially-invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts... to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of your legs, chest, arms so you build

Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on or build any part of your body by fanning the air.



We not only furnish you with equipment, we also supply specially prepared pictorial charts which guide you day by day.

as you train. There is a wall exerciser hook-up enabling you to do bending and stretching exercises. You also have features of a rowing machine. Hand grips help develop a mighty grip. Pictorial and printed instructions enable you to get stronger day by day.



GUARANTEE
If not satisfied after 5 days, return for refund of purchase price.



Send No Money

Sign your name to coupon checking outfit wanted. Pay postman price plus postage on arrival. If you can buy a stronger outfit than our Super X set we will give you double your money back.

You get many specially posed pictorial instructions... a picture showing short cuts to mighty muscles.

Muscle Power Co., P. O. Box 1, Station X, New York, N. Y.

New PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULL & BAR BELL COMBINATION

MUSCLE POWER CO., Dept. 6801
P. O. Box 1, Station X, New York, N. Y.

Send me the outfit checked below on five days' approval. Also enclose special pictorial and printed instructions. I will deposit amount of set plus postage in accordance with your guarantee. Enclose the stirrups free with my order.

- ☐ Send regular strength chest pull and bar bell combination. Set \$5.95
- ☐ Send Super strength set at \$6.95

(Send cash with order and we pay postage. Same guarantee.)

Name _____

Address _____

(SPECIAL) If you are aboard ship or outside of U.S.A. send money order in American funds at prices listed above plus 60c.

New DAISY Play Guns READY

BANG BANG
BANG

IDEAL FOR
CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

★ HARMLESS!

- ★ Military Gun Sling
- ★ Fast Pump Action
- ★ A Repeater
- ★ "Bang!" Noise
- ★ Genuine Daisy Quality and Durability

\$1.19 Duty Added in Canada
Plus 11c Postage

DAISY COMMANDO

MODEL
Repeating PLAY GUN

Get and shoot this new, safe fun gun—the DAISY COMMANDO! (Not an air rifle.) Just put that husky stock to your shoulder, grab the pump action and let 'er go! Makes a "BANG!" each time you work it. Be a Commando! Carry it on your back with the military-type gun sling—like a Commando does! Absolutely harmless. Exciting fun, indoors, outdoors. Ideal for military drills. Ask Dad or Mother to send only \$1.19 plus 11c for postage—handling direct to us and we'll ship your COMMANDO postpaid at once! (Or use your own money!)

A beautiful red, white and blue Daisy Victory Model Crest appears on each play gun stock.

New Daisy SUB-MACHINE GUN

RAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT



Attention PARENTS!

These two new Daisy play guns carry the Commendation Seal from PARENTS' MAGAZINE, The COMMANDO and CHATTERMATIC are harmless but give plenty of a-c-t-i-o-n and noise to children from 4 to 11 years old. Both are superior in workmanship, durability, quality. Order DIRECT now.

TURN the firing crank—hear this sub-machine gun go "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!" Sounds like a real Tommy Gun—the kind soldiers carry. Daisy CHATTERMATIC is safe, harmless. Realistic handgrip, round magazine in machine gun style. It "shoots noise"—and plenty of it! Not an air rifle. Sturdy, all-wood construction. Jet black barrel, red magazine, natural wood finish stock. You'll be the envy of the other kids when your Daisy CHATTERMATIC starts "chattering." Light, easy to carry and use. Genuine Daisy quality and workmanship. Get yours now. If you haven't the money—ask Dad or Mother to mail only 89c plus 11c for postage—handling DIRECT to Daisy and we'll ship CHATTERMATIC immediately! Do it now!

89¢
Plus 11c Postage
Duty Added in Canada

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS BULLS EYE SHOT AND

HOW TO ORDER

Order direct from Daisy. Send Money Order, check or cash, being sure to include amount requested for postage. Your order will be shipped promptly postpaid. Return for full refund if not perfectly satisfied.



DAISY AIR RIFLES

(PLEASE DO NOT ORDER AIR RIFLES OR SHOT FROM US—NEITHER WILL BE AVAILABLE DURING THE WAR)

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 501 UNION ST., DEPT. 4, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN